



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



1419

f. 808



1419 f 808.



GATHERED FLOWERS

FROM

A BIBLE CLASS;

BEING

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF TWO YOUNG BELIEVERS.

BY THE

REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, M.A.

"My beloved is gone down into his garden to gather lilies."

Song of Solomon, vi. 3

Fifth Thousand.

LONDON :

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LX.

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THE Author has carefully revised the following sheets, and has appended a note to page 29, which the grateful recollection of departed Christian worth seemed to demand. He is thankful to God for any measure of acceptance and blessing with which He has favoured the work ; and now in prayer and humility of mind he commends this new and improved edition to the benediction of the Holy Spirit, and to the devout perusal of the young. May it prove instrumental of leading many precious souls to Jesus—and to JESUS shall be the glory !

LEAMINGTON, *April* 1849.

MEMOIR
or
ELIZABETH LINN.

“ Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.”—JER. xv. 9.

How inexpressively lovely and engaging is youthful piety! The grace of God in every period of life and form of development, invests its possessor with a moral dignity and beauty, infinitely transcending the loveliest exhibitions of nature that ever elevated and adorned the human mind and character. But if to a young man, who has “overcome the wicked one,”* it is strength;† and if to the aged man, walking in the “way of righteousness,” it is a crown of glory encircling his hoary locks,‡ in those of more tender years—just budding into life—it possesses a beauty and a charm peculiarly and touchingly its own. To see the first streaks of life’s morn merging into the

* 1 John ii. 13.

† 1 John ii. 14.

‡ Prov. xiv. 31.

more glorious light of eternal day ; to behold the first developement of intellect, the first pulsation of feeling, the first awakening of human energy, enterprise, and thought, laid upon the altar of God, consecrated in the "dew of youth" and in the "beauty of holiness" to Him who consecrated His infancy, His earlier and His maturer years, yea, His entire self, to the working out of our salvation, —Oh, it is a lovely spectacle, on which angels' eyes may feast ; and as they look down upon each fresh conscript to the ranks of their King, feel a new-born emotion of rapture thrilling their pure and benevolent breasts, such as no object even in glory could inspire.

But if the period of youth is the most interesting, let us not forget that it is also the most momentous and important period of life. It comes but once. Gone, it returns not again. With it flits away the period of human existence, most favourable to the consideration of the soul's preparation for eternity. Never again will the individual stand in a position so advantageous for the accomplishment of a work so great. The soil seems prepared for the seed. The world has not yet obtained the mastery over the heart. Sinful habit has not yet seized upon the passions. Different forms of religious belief have not yet *taken captive the mind*. The love of wealth, of

distinction, and of pleasure, has not yet thrown its fascinations around the soul. Long-existing impenitence has not yet seared, and guilt has not yet covered with its pall of dark presumption and despair, the conscience. It would seem as if the temple of the soul were all "swept and garnished," ready for the entrance of the Lord. Of what priceless value, then, is the season of youth! Is life a *day*? Youth is its bright morning. It is then the soil, mellowed with the early dew, is to be broken up and prepared for the in-casting of the precious seed of the Word. Is life a *year*? Youth is its spring-time, upon which the happiness of all other seasons depends. It is then the seed is to be sown, whose fruits will refresh us in summer, enrich us in autumn, and sustain and cheer us in the winter of old age. Is life a *voyage*? Youth is the time when the destination is to be selected, the chart examined, the course marked out, and the supplies, which are to meet the necessities of the voyage, laid up. The precious season of youth, if thus suffered to go by unimproved, years to come we may bewail our folly but find it impossible to retrieve our loss. The *day* may decline, succeeded by the shadows of night; but morning will again return, perhaps brighter than before. The *year* may elapse, and


winter spread its chilly mantle over all; but spring again appears, restoring all to beauty and to fragrance. Oceans may be traversed, distant points reached, and the voyager may set out again; but to human life there is but one morning, but one spring, and but one embarkation.

God, who calls His people by His sovereign grace, calls the greater part of them in early life. Beyond the age of *thirty* years, how few conversions transpire, compared with the number who press into the kingdom long before that period! As in the case of Samuel, the Spirit has begun to move early, gently, and almost imperceptibly upon their heart. They have heard the voice of the Lord calling them to His work at early dawn of day, while yet the more advanced in life were deeply immersed in worldly care, and the aged still remained wrapped in the profound unconsciousness of spiritual sleep,—all living as if there were no eternity!

And how completely are young believers placed in the ascendant of all others, in the career of an honourable, useful, and happy life! They ascend an eminence of distinction and privilege, which leaves grovelling at its base the countless numbers of the unregenerate, who, like the poor

miner embowelled in the earth, are delving amidst impurity and darkness, strangers to the air and the light that are above them. A holy atmosphere they never breathe; the warm beams of the Sun of righteousness they never feel; "they are of the earth, earthy." But the advantages accruing to the young believer are as numerous as they are precious. Is it no immense and costly privilege, to have God become in early life, my God, my Father, the "Guide of my youth?" To have surrendered the heart as His temple,—His dwelling-place, renewed, sanctified, made holy and happy by His Spirit's grace? To know and to feel that God has now become *mine*; and that from the blissful moment that the mutual covenant was made and sealed and ratified, my person and my interests were placed in His hands, and transferred to His keeping for time and for eternity? That no longer am I my own, but His; and that in all future times I am to cast all my care upon Him, knowing that He careth for me? That Jesus, having become my Redeemer, has become my brother and my friend, pledging His wisdom to counsel me, His power to protect me, His hand to supply me, His eye to guide me, His love to soothe me, His grace to uphold me, all my journey through? That the Holy Spirit, having

taken up His abode in my heart, will dwell there permanently and for ever, subduing all sin, checking all evil, purifying the fountain of thought and of feeling, and prompting to holy desire and useful exertion? Are *these* no advantages? Yet more. The early blighting of sin's bud—the early check given to unholy propensities—the knowledge and experience acquired, ere the bark has been fully launched upon its sea—the temptations, the sins, the sorrows, the mistakes, which are thus avoided, are among the blessings of a youthful consecration of the heart to the Lord, ranging beyond all human calculation. Add to this, the sweetest and highest of all blessing here—the enjoyment of communion with God, of the love of Christ, of the foretaste of glory, the cup so early filled, and often running over; and last, and best of all—a speedy passage to eternal glory, with which God often favours the youthful Christian. — His grace so soon matured, His work so soon complete, the spiritual house, whose foundation has been laid, and whose walls have been raised in a life of early godliness here below, receives the top-stone in glory,—GLORY everlasting. These are among the innumerable *and inestimable* blessings and advantages *accruing from a life dedicated in the spring-time of*



youth to Jesus, which no tongue nor pen of man can adequately describe. But I will not longer detain my young reader from the interesting subject of our narrative. Permit me to request, however, that before you proceed a step further, you will lay down this little volume, and breathe an earnest prayer to the Holy Spirit, that He may bless to your soul the perusal of her brief but bright and instructive history; and that by His converting and sanctifying influence, He may make you all that she was, as a lovely and fragrant flower of grace in the Lord's garden on earth; and all that we believe she now is, a happy, glorified spirit before the throne of God in heaven. Have you prayed? May the Holy Ghost answer for Christ's sake!

ELIZABETH LINN was a member of a Bible Class, belonging to a Sabbath School in Edinburgh, for nearly five years. She was an attentive scholar, but although much attached to the class, and regular in her attendance, for two years she gave no clear evidence that her mind was truly affected by the blessed truths of the gospel. In the winter of 1838, it pleased God to afflict her with a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. On being visited by her respected and beloved teacher, her mind was found to be powerfully

awakened to a sense of her lost state, and the necessity of having a portion beyond this poor dying world. She wept when she referred to the many times she had heard of the willingness of Jesus to receive all who came in humble penitence to Him; and although she had often purposed in her heart, when returning from the Sabbath evening class, to delay coming to Him no longer, still she had put it off, and now she found a sick-bed, amidst pain, fever, and lassitude, was not the best time or place to seek Jesus, the sinner's Friend. It pleased God to rebuke her disease, and to raise her up again, evidently with a mind open to a full reception of the truth. On rejoining her much-loved class, she listened to the instructions given, as one who had eternity full in view, and so vividly contemplating it, as to awaken, not only deep anxiety for her own personal salvation, but also intense solicitude for the salvation of her dear companions.

Although brought to see there was no way of acceptance with God but in the finished work of Jesus, at times her mind was much beclouded and depressed, arising evidently from a want of that simple exercise of faith which credits the great matter-of-fact truth of the Bible,—that JESUS CHRIST CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS. *She was looking more at her sins than*

at the Lamb of God, who came to take those sins away ; more at her truly fearful disease than at God's infinitely great and all-merciful remedy. Clearly, then, as she saw the only way of acceptance, and glorious as it appeared to her yet imperfect vision, it is no marvel that she could not say with Paul, "He hath loved *me*, and hath given himself for *me*." She wanted but the simple touch of faith. The report had reached her that Jesus died for sinners. The yet more cheering tidings had saluted her ear, that He was alive again, and that even He could save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. Yet, wanting but the hand of faith, feeble and tremulous though its touch might be, she could not exclaim in the transporting assurance and joy of Thomas, "*My* Lord and *my* God." One faith's touch of Jesus, were it but the border of His garment, will bring forth perfect healing for the deepest wound of sin. O blessed, soul-cheering truth ! May that touch, dear reader, be thine !

Her teacher, on hearing an address founded on Isaiah lv. 1, "Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," &c., in which the minister remarked how many anxious inquirers he had found, who from mistaking the meaning of the passage, felt discouraged, supposing that the invitation was to those who were thirsting for

righteousness, not after *happiness*, as was clearly the mind of the Spirit, was directed to think of Elizabeth, who was at that time confined by indisposition of body to the house. On the interpretation of the text being repeated to her, with tears in her eyes she said, "The feelings described are my own. I often think I am not thirsting enough for righteousness. Now I see the meaning of that passage, which is fitted to cheer and comfort every poor sinner."

About this time the school was privileged with several visits from the Rev. W. Burns. On one occasion his address was founded on Phil. ii. 5-12. This was an evening much blessed to Elizabeth and several of her companions. She often referred to it as a time when the Spirit applied the word spoken to her heart, and gave her clear saving views of Christ,—His person, and work, and love. From this period may be dated her sealing unto the day of Jesus Christ. It was the birth-night of her soul. From this time, it is supposed that her mind was never beclouded, but was enabled unceasingly to rejoice in God her Saviour. The reality of this perfected work of grace in her soul, was soon manifested by its strongest evidence,—communion with God. The *life of God* in the soul of man will draw that soul *out in prayer to God*. The stream will flow back

to the fountain from whence it rose. Descending from heaven, it returns back to heaven. Elizabeth became a child of prayer. Prayer was her element. An interesting proof of this was seen in her uniting with two of her companions in requesting the use of a small room connected with the school, in which they might meet together for prayer on Sabbath evening, especially to supplicate a blessing on the instructions about to be given to them and their associates, and upon the devotional services which always followed the dismissal of the general school. At home too, in a little room consecrated to this holy purpose, Elizabeth was accustomed to hold meetings for prayer, on which occasions much spiritual intercourse was held between her and those of her dear companions who were united with sweet and tender cords of Christian love.

But the Lord was about to try this young and much-loved child. The silver and the gold of His work in her soul, the Refiner was about to place in the furnace. Oh, how soon Jesus may call the young Christian to pass through tribulation, that the "trial of her faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire," might be found to the praise, and honour, and glory of His grace! In December of 1840, Elizabeth was deprived of her *kind and affectionate mother*. This was a se-

vere affliction to her. The loss of a mother, and a Christian mother, but for Jesus, who can supply every loss, would be overwhelming and irreparable. From being by natural constitution delicate, and constantly subject to illness, her mother had watched over her with a tenderness and solicitude such as a mother only could feel. That stream of comfort was now dried ; that cistern of happiness was now broken ; and Elizabeth was left with a feeble constitution, in charge of her father and a brother about eight years of age. Deeply and suitably did she feel the responsibility which God had now placed upon her, and earnestly did she pray for aid from above to direct and guide her aright. God heard and answered her prayers. To her aged parent she was enabled to discharge the obligations of a most affectionate and faithful daughter, and to her little brother she blended the high and sweet duties of a watchful mother and a tender sister. Thus is the grace of Jesus all-sufficient for all the responsibilities, duties, and trials of life. That grace, earnestly and sincerely sought, will be promptly and fully given. God never calls His people to any post of labour, responsibility, or trial, but for its right discharge or improvement He has *provided in Jesus* all fulness of strength ; and to *the simple prayer* of faith He will mete out that

strength according to the day of its need. So Elizabeth found it. Christian reader, are you situated as she was,—perhaps without a mother, or a father,—in circumstances of responsibility and of trial? Flee, as she did, into the very bosom of Jesus. That bosom, once stricken for you, and once the abode of sorrow infinitely great, is the dear asylum of all the sons and daughters of need who repair to it for shelter. Though millions have gone to it, and are now enclosed within its affections, there yet is room for thee. All the fondness of the most affectionate father—all the tenderness of the most tender mother—all the gentleness of the most gentle sister—all the faithfulness of the most faithful brother—all the love of the most loving friend—centre in Jesus. In His person He blends the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend. All this He will be to you.

“O make but trial of His love:
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who on His grace confide.”

Elizabeth's religion was not of a selfish nor reclusive character. It sought communion with the good and the spiritual of her own sex and age. During the summer, she enjoyed much happiness from intercourse with a dear friend,

formerly a member of the class, but now removed to Glasgow. To the correspondence and the personal interviews which she was privileged to hold with her young companion, she often referred as seasons of peculiar spiritual refreshing to her soul. Thus can the Lord convey great blessing through the channel of Christian intercourse with others. It is of the highest importance to the advancement of a young Christian in the divine life, that his or her companions be selected from among the saints of God, and those the most eminent for spirituality of mind, and consistency of Christian walk. These, with God's blessing, will become great helpers to us in our way to heaven. But mere professors—cold, formal, trifling, worldly, inconsistent professors—will, if we are much in their company, or under their influence and example, retard our advance, rob us of our sweetest blessings, and bring leanness into our souls. For this cause many believers are weak and sickly, and many sleep. You may, my reader, safely decide the tone and temper of your Christianity by the order of spirituality observable in those whom you have selected as your companions. Oh, aim to be a young Christian, in *every respect*, of a high order; and forget not that the influence and example *of those with whom you are wont to associate*

will either elevate or lower the standard of your own personal holiness.

Elizabeth was enabled to attend her Sabbath evening Bible class with great regularity, until the middle of January 1842. Some time previous to this, her health began visibly to decline; her cough increased, and her strength perceptibly gave way. Her teacher advised her to relinquish her attendance, in consequence of her exposure to the night air. This she was most unwilling for a time to do, so deeply had increased her interest in the Bible instructions of the class, and in the hallowed exercises of the prayer-meeting. On the last day of January, her teacher received a message from her announcing her sudden illness, and expressing great anxiety for an interview. On hastening to her bedside, she found her body in a state of great exhaustion, but her mind filled with the peace of God. She expressed the delight which she had experienced from meditating on the *finished work of Jesus*. That for some time finding her bodily strength failing, she felt she was not long to be a sojourner in this world, but that her thoughts had been much in contemplation of heaven, of being with Jesus, and free from sin. Her eyes brightened when she spoke of being present with her God. But when she alluded to the dear

Bible class, of which she had so long been a member, and into whose spiritual instruction she had so deeply drunk, she wept, and said, "That is now the only tie which binds me to earth." She spake of the many sweet seasons she had enjoyed there, and especially of the communion with God which she had often felt in the little praying circle of young believers, bowed together around the mercy-seat. She particularly mentioned an address given in the school on a recent occasion, the precious truths of which had much cheered and comforted her since she had been confined to her bed, and then added, "Oh, how precious is it to be enabled to say, '*My Lord and my God!*'" Her further and closing history will best be given in the words of her faithful and much-loved teacher, taken from a journal of her visits, made from time to time, with which I have been kindly favoured :—

"*Thursday.*—I found dear Elizabeth very weak. She told me she had felt a degree of dulness and disappointment the day before, as if her joy was gone. She believed she had been looking too much within herself, and not *solely* to Jesus and His finished work ; but that this morning she had anew come with her sins to the foot of the cross, and there had obtained fresh peace. 'Oh,' she said, '*to be enabled to keep the eye of faith con-*

tinually fixed upon our dear Redeemer.' We spoke of the sympathy of Jesus. This subject cheered her much, and she drew sweet comfort from the words, 'He knoweth our frame; he remembereth we are dust.' She referred to a previous conversation upon the 55th chapter of Isaiah, 1st verse, and to the instruction it had afforded her, and added that she had been enabled to come without anything of her own to Jesus, and since that time she had found peace. She spoke much of Mr Burns's visits to the school, and especially of an address which he made on one occasion from Phil. ii, 5-12, which she called the happy night when she and some of her dear companions were brought to feel the love of Jesus in a way they had never known before. She alluded to the beautiful hymn,

'Behold a stranger at the door,—
He gently knocks—has knock'd before;'

and of the comfort which she had derived from the verse,

'Art thou a mourner? grief shall fly,
For who can weep with Jesus nigh?'

and of a hymn read one Sabbath evening in the school,

'Oh, tell me not of the lonesome grave.'

"*Friday, 4th.*—Found dear Elizabeth a little revived, and in a very happy state of mind. She

said that her meditations upon the sympathy of Jesus had afforded her much consolation, and quoted the last verses of Heb. iv., 'For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.' She remarked that it was her earnest desire to be of use to her companions of the class who visited her, and trusted that, as she was now laid upon a sick-bed, the Lord might give her a message which He would bless to their souls.

" *Saturday*.—Found Elizabeth weaker, but, in her own words, 'happy, enjoying peace, the gift of Jesus.' She had found much sweetness in thinking upon the words, 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.' 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'the Lord Jesus gives His children even here to enter into rest !' She spoke of the many mercies she enjoyed, having had more quiet sleep than usual ; then of the kindness of God's people to her, particularising that of Miss M. D., whom she prayed that God would bless and reward. When she spoke of the class she so dearly loved, tears ran down her cheeks. I said, 'Elizabeth, would you wish to recover ?' She replied, 'If it is the will of the Lord, I would rather die. To depart, and be with Christ, is far better ; then I shall *serve Him without sin.*'

“Tuesday.—Found her very weak and low, but very happy. She told me of the happiness she enjoyed the previous day, from thinking of our need to come to Jesus as empty vessels to be filled out of His fulness. She felt so much that she was nothing, but that Christ was all. She referred to Peter as an example, how we needed to be upheld every moment by Jesus. She believed he had so much love to Jesus, that he forgot his own weakness when he said, ‘Though all men forsake Thee, yet will I not.’ Then she contrasted with this the tender love of Jesus, after His resurrection, towards His fallen apostle, when He said, ‘Tell my disciples, and *Peter*.’ She expressed the enjoyment she had derived from the visits of her companions, H. P. and E. M., and of her anxiety about another young friend, who she feared had grown cold in spiritual things. She said how much she felt the necessity of being watchful, of seeking to be upheld *continually* by Jesus, and of the encouragement she had experienced from a conversation we had had upon the words, ‘I will hold thee by my right hand.’

“Wednesday.—Found her very feeble. She told me she had thought a good deal about death, and a shrinking came over her, from the dread of suffering before she entered the heavenly Canaan; but she added, ‘I should seek dying strength, and

trust alone to Jesus.' She was comforted by some passages of Scripture which I read to her, particularly Psalms xxiii. and xlviii., and by a remark of Toplady's, that 'he had seen many a believer go weeping to the edge of the river, but had never seen one go weeping all the way through.' She found much enjoyment in God's words to Jacob, 'Fear not to go down into Egypt; I will go with thee, and will surely bring thee up again;' and then repeated the lines of the beautiful hymn of Watts'—

' There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.'

"*Friday.*—She was rather revived to-day, freer from cough and pain, and more able to speak. She said she had felt as if she had been on the Mount, but that, like Peter, she must come down again; remarking how kind it was of the Lord to give her such a foretaste of happiness to cheer her; but added, 'I do not wish to be looking too much to frames and feelings, but alone to Jesus.'

"*Monday.*—Continuing better. She told me of the much sweet communion she had had with Jesus during her present illness, but that in getting better she felt a dread of returning to the world; but added, 'Jesus can keep me steadfast; and if He restores me for a little—(I know I cannot *live long*)—oh, may I glorify Him by an humble

and consistent walk !' She spoke with longing desires about her father, earnestly desiring that his heart might now be given to God.

"Wednesday.—Elizabeth has passed a sleepless night, owing to the excitement of the evening before. Her dear friend H. G. unexpectedly arrived from Glasgow to see her. This was a great pleasure and comfort, as she had longed to meet once more in the body with one with whom she had enjoyed so much sweet spiritual intercourse. This day she looked much exhausted. On repeating some cheering passages of God's Word, she made no reply, but betrayed deep inward emotion. She burst into tears, and said, 'Oh, I feel my heart so hard ! I seemed to have no feeling when you were speaking of Jesus. Pray for me ; I have been wishing I was in the dear class, hearing you invite sinners to come to Jesus. Oh, I feel as if I had lost Him, my beloved, and knew not where to find Him !' After speaking to her of the way she at first found peace, by coming to the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, she became more composed. She continued in much distress all that evening ; but the next day I found her composed and happy. When I asked her how she was, she answered, 'Jesus is with me. Oh that He may never again see it needful to send me such a chastisement as I had yesterday. All was

n

dark. I could see no light. I must have been thinking too much of the comforts He has been so kindly giving me, and not feeling enough my continual dependence upon Himself. Oh, pray that I may be kept very humble.' I read to her the closing verses of Isaiah l. and Psalm lxxvii., which afforded her much comfort; and left her giving thanks to God for His great loving-kindness in removing the cloud, and revealing Himself to her as the portion of her soul.

"*Saturday, 19th.*—Elizabeth is very happy. She told me she had great enjoyment from a visit from Mr Burns, and Mr Wingate, who was going as a missionary to the Jews. 'Oh,' she added 'I felt how unworthy I was of the Lord's mercies, when His two dear servants were speaking to me.' She said Mr Burns's visit recalled to her mind the delight she had in his first letter to the school,* and repeated a sentence from it. His remarks, during this visit, on the happiness of heaven,—of 'seeing the King in his beauty,' were cheering to her soul.

"*Monday, 21st.*—Found her, from increased weakness, unable to sit up, but the happy and sweet expression of her countenance was very cheering to witness. She told me she enjoyed *much* peace; and that the words of our Lord to

* See page 66.

His disciples, in John xiv., had given her great enjoyment. I read to her a part of 1 Peter i., and on leaving, she remarked how much strength of body and mind she had experienced, by our conversing together upon the things of God.

“28th.—Dear Elizabeth had derived much enjoyment in a visit from Mr Johnston, a valued friend, whose remarks on 2 Peter i. 5 had afforded her a subject of sweet meditation.

“29th.—On calling to-day, she said, in much weakness, ‘Oh, speak to me of Jesus—of His love. My mind has been much filled with this subject. Oh, think of Gethsemane, of Calvary!’ and then her tears flowed as she spoke of His sufferings, and longed to enjoy more of His love. She dwelt upon the text, ‘We know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.’ She then spoke of being with Jesus; what it must be to be free from sin. She remarked, that she thought she might be enabled in heaven to take an interest in her dear companions; and the joy she would feel on seeing them give their hearts to God. I then read to her portions of Lamentations iii.”

Elizabeth took a deep interest in others who, like herself, were laid upon a bed of suffering; and anxiously desired that they might largely partake of the consolations which faith in Christ alone can give. She particularly inquired about

a young lady, who, like herself, was dying of consumption, and said, "Oh, I would like to hear if she is now enjoying that peace, which resting upon Jesus alone can give;" and she delighted in the assurance, that to His children, God would cause light to arise, though for a time, from bodily weakness, they might seem to walk in darkness. She often expressed much interest in the subjects of the Rev. Mr Drummond's addresses at his prayer-meetings. Some of her young friends had told her much of Mr Drummond's kindness, when he examined the day-school. On hearing of her illness, he purposed visiting her, but from her house being difficult to find, both were disappointed of the interview. On hearing that he had spent some time in a fruitless search for her dwelling, Elizabeth expressed deep sorrow at the trouble he had taken to search her out, and sweetly added, "I dare say he will pray for me; I am happy we know of each other, and it is a pleasant thought that we shall meet in heaven."

"*April 5.*—Elizabeth, though her weakness and pain have at times been severe, has continued in a composed and happy state of mind. The all-sufficiency of Jesus as a Saviour—His willingness to save the chief of sinners, even the thief on the cross at the last moment, are thoughts that have

afforded her much consolation. She has much regretted that she was now obliged to give up seeing her dear companions ; but added, she still could and did pray for them. A prayer-meeting, held in her room by some of her young friends, had been a season of much refreshing to her spirits, though she had been unable to speak. She enjoyed much comfort from knowing the Lord was her righteousness. A visit from Miss H., the teacher of the day-school, had afforded her much delight.

“ *Monday, 7th.*—Accompanied Mrs B,* and

* In revising this little volume for a fourth edition, the author cannot pass over this endeared initial without breaking the impressive stillness in which it stands—solitary and solemn. “The memory of the just is blessed.” It is fragrant and sanctifying. We love to think of them as they once were—the holy and the lovely of earth ; we delight to imagine what they now are—the bright and the blissful of heaven. Since the paragraph was penned which thus records the interviews with ELIZABETH LINN, the veil of eternity has opened and received within its glories the beloved one, whose kind and affectionate visits to the couch of the young believer were by her so gratefully remembered. She has passed away from earth like a bright, celestial visitant ; and to some who knew and loved her well, now that she is gone, life is less sunny, and death’s valley has less gloom. She lived for God. She laboured and witnessed for Christ. And lovely as she appeared—the ornament and the charm of cultivated society, maintaining amidst the highest circles the “simplicity of Christ”—and her Christianity and her natural loveliness never shone forth with such blended resplendent beauty as when visiting the lowly cottages of the poor and the ignorant, or when administering to the spiritual and temporal necessities of the sick and the dying. Oh that the grace of Jesus may make

found Elizabeth in much agony of body ; still, amidst her acute pain, her mind was in perfect peace. She said God was very good ; that, in the prospect of immediate death in the morning, she had been enabled to commit all the dear companions of the Bible class to the Lord. ‘ I have made,’ she remarked, ‘ a large request, but not too hard for Him to grant—that *not one* may be wanting at the day of our Lord’s appearing.’ She then referred again to the sweet seasons she had enjoyed with them—thanked me for the instructions the Lord had enabled me to give to her, and added, she believed the happy Sabbath evenings she had then enjoyed were foretastes of the Sabbath which would never end, when we should meet with the innumerable multitude of the glorified saints in the presence of Jesus,—completely like Him, free from sin.

“ 8th.—Free from pain, but very weak. She referred to her sufferings on the previous day,—

all who sustain the responsibility of having shared in her acquaintance and her friendship, like her, as she resembled the meek and lowly Saviour, “ whose meat and drink were to do the will of His Father ! ” Let us not stop at admiration, but let us imitate her as she imitated Christ. The young believer and the kind lady who sat by her bedside repeating appropriate and precious portions of God’s Word, have met, and met in glory ! Together, and “ without fault,” they are “ before the throne of God,” each with a harp tuned in unison to the one anthem of heaven—*“ WORTHY IS THE LAMB ! ”* Embalmed in our grateful hearts be the memory of Mrs BRUCE of Kennet !

said she was refreshed by Mrs B.'s visit, but, from excessive pain, she was unable to enjoy it to the extent she desired, adding, 'This is to teach how dependent we are upon the Lord for every blessing, trusting alone for our comforts to God.'

"Again accompanied Mrs B. Found Elizabeth better, and able to converse a little. She spoke of the Lord's goodness in giving her ease. The day before, when suffering so much, she had been cheered by a verse which had been repeated to her:—'The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with everlasting songs upon their head; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' She had great joy the past evening by a visit from two of the Sabbath evening scholars, one of whom with tears told her Jesus was now precious to her soul. The other was deeply affected, and expressed great anxiety about her salvation. Elizabeth said, 'Oh, how the Lord encourages us to continue in prayer!' She then alluded to the joy of meeting some belonging to the class whom we now believed to be amongst the glorified in heaven, particularly her beloved friend, Elizabeth Aitchinson.

"Found Elizabeth very weak, but quite happy. Mrs B. repeated some passages of Scripture to

her, which she enjoyed. She asked me to Mrs B. for coming to see her so often when she was in town. She felt her memory failing, which grieved her much. On repeating to her the precious portion, 'The Lord will not forsake his people for his own name's sake, because it pleased the Lord to make you his people ;' she smiled, and said, 'This is so sweet and precious I shall delight to meditate upon it.'

" 14th.—After much suffering, Elizabeth revived a little. She said she had longed much for my coming ; and she felt a new proof of the Lord's kindness to her in sending me at this time for she had been wishing I might come when her pain was not so great, that she might more fully enjoy my visit. Her dear friend Helen was present and we read and spoke of some passages of the Word of God. Elizabeth remarked that, when the pain had been so severe, the Lord had enabled her to experience what *strong consolation* He bestow ; and that in the night, when all was dark, she was often extremely happy in the enjoyment of the presence of the Lord, and enabled to comfort those near and dear to her heart to His praise and keeping. Thus did He, as she expressed, 'give her songs in the night.' Her dear *friend* was present with her for the last time, *being obliged to return home the following*

This was felt to be a great trial by Elizabeth, but our spirits were cheered by speaking of the time

‘When death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.’

The interview to-day with Christian friends she felt to be particularly cheering.

“16th.—Found our beloved and suffering friend very weak, but able to converse a little. She referred to the pain of parting from her affectionately-attached young companion, who had that morning returned to Glasgow; but she added, ‘the goodness of God has been great, in allowing us to be so long together, and in uniting us in bonds that can never be broken.’ We spoke together of Ps. lxxiii. 24–26; and 2 Tim. iv. 6–8. She said, ‘In how many ways she saw how *gently* the Lord was leading her.’ Truly was He, as the good Shepherd, carrying this tender and suffering lamb of His flock on His arm and in His bosom. Two Sabbaths ago she had a longing desire to live a little longer, for the sake of the dear class to which she felt so strongly attached. But since that time, the Lord had loosened the ties which bound her to earth, and now she could leave all dear to her below, to go and be with her Beloved. She spoke with sweet composure of her fast *approaching* death, and of the cheering thought, that

to God's children Death was but the shadow and not the substance, but the shaft and not the sting; that which would have made him the king of *terrors*, to the believer, being quite taken away by Christ, the Conqueror of death. It was delightful to see the grateful sense she entertained of the kindness of Christian friends who visited her. To-day, she particularly referred to the refreshing she had derived from the visit of Mr Burns, and of the gratitude she felt, when informed that he had earnestly and affectionately remembered her at the meeting for prayer on the Monday before. She also spoke with much feeling of the Rev. Mr Wingate, and often remembered his request, that she would pray for God's ancient people, the Jews; and for a blessing to rest upon the means employed to advance the best interests of the students of the College. Who can tell—eternity alone will disclose—the blessings that may have descended on these two important objects of prayer, through the holy and fervent wrestlings of this hidden vessel of mercy.

“Monday, 18th.—Very exhausted, and suffering much from her breathing, yet happy in her soul. Although too weak to read, she said, ‘she had been lifting up her heart in prayer for the extension of the Redeemer’s kingdom; and had *been seeking to remember all the faithful minis-*

ters of the gospel ; her soul drawn out to pray that their labours might be much blessed by God, as the means of converting many sinners.' She stated the consolations she received on hearing from her friend Helen, that the Rev. Mr P. remembered her in prayer. She said she sometimes thought, that her being so enabled to bear severe pain, was in answer to the prayers of God's people.

"Tuesday, 21st. —Has suffered much during the last two days, but her heart was filled with holy love and gratitude to God for all His goodness to her. She told me, when she lay in comparative ease upon her bed, enjoying the society of Christian friends, she was in danger of taking up her rest here. She had felt some desire to live a little longer, might she but be useful to her aged father ; but the Lord was gradually taking out the pins of the earthly tabernacle, to wean her from creatures and things below. Her meditations had been very sweet on the wondrous love of Jesus. Her soul had been fed with the hidden manna ; such portions as these had nourished and strengthened her :—'The sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us ;' 'Rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.' Several of the Bible class had visited her, affording a season of much spiritual enjoyment.

" *24th.*—Two little girls belonging to the day school, calling upon her to-day, and having sung a few verses, she turned to them and said, 'Dear I have enjoyed your singing much; would you not like to sing the new song in heaven?' They said, 'Yes.' She added, 'Well, dears, you must learn it here. Come to Jesus now, and He will be with you upon a death-bed.' She then took an affectionate leave of them. I was afraid of her exerting herself more, but she exclaimed, 'Oh, speak to me of the love of Jesus; that always revives me.' On expressing a fear that her sufferings were great, she said, 'Oh, don't be anxious about me; my mind is so happy. Jesus makes me to feel amidst the pain that He is with me, and will never, never forsake me.'

" *Saturday, 26th.*—Our beloved sufferer has been very ill. She said she had to struggle with impatience, so long as she had been to depart and be with Christ. 'Oh,' she said, 'pray that I may be willing to wait the Lord's time.' She expressed the great enjoyment she had experienced, even in intense pain. She wept when she spoke of her father and said, 'Oh that he knew the love of Jesus; he grieves much for me.' She had prayed to be enabled to speak a word which the Lord might bless to him. She called her little brother, to whom

she has been as a mother, that I might speak to him about his soul.

“Monday.—In much pain ; but she said, when asked how she was, ‘Happy ! happy ! I shall soon be with Jesus.’ She had found much comfort in that striking passage, ‘Fear not, I am with thee ; be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’ ‘In heaven,’ she remarked, ‘I shall know more of this precious love,—the love of the Father, the love of the Son, and the love of the Spirit.’ She referred to the comfort which she had derived from a passage which I had quoted to her some days previously,—‘I have loved thee with an everlasting love.’

“Wednesday.—She is scarcely able to speak. Has received a visit from her kind friend Mr C., but was unable to converse. She much enjoyed a hymn he repeated upon heaven, and the prayer which he offered up for her.

“Thursday.—Is a little recovered, but suffering much from exhaustion. Her heart is full of the love of Jesus, and the gentle way He is dealing with her, giving her in suffering to see so much of His own precious love. When about to leave her, she referred to the time the Lord first

brought us together. She took my hand, & expressed her gratitude for all the instruction which the Lord had blessed to her soul. I said, in the watchful care of her Sabbath-school teacher, she had never been permitted to meet her mother. She earnestly desired that each of her beloved associates in the class might be with her in heaven, to spend an eternal Sabbath praising and serving God. She added, 'Oh, what a meeting it will be!' And then referred to Miss Hutchinson, the much-loved teacher of the day-school, who had been suddenly removed to death; and also to some of the dear young members of the class, who had gone, she hoped, to glory. While speaking of her beholding the King in his beauty, her countenance grew quite animated. In parting, she seemed to fear that we might not meet again in this world, & she seemed unwilling that I should go. She asked me to pray much that patience might be granted to her to wait the Lord's time.

"On Saturday, I found her scarcely able to speak. She smiled when I came in; said she was happy to see me, that I might again speak to her of the love of Jesus. I read to her some passages of Scripture, pausing at the 4th verse of the 2nd Psalm. She grew quite animated while we spoke of the glories of heaven, dwelling particu-

on those elements of its happiness,—freedom from sin, perfect transformation into the image of Jesus, and meeting the innumerable multitude around the throne. She spoke with much affection of her dear companions Mary W. and Isabella F. and others, whom in parting with she exhorted to keep *close* to Jesus.

“On Sabbath evening, I heard from the members of our class that dear Elizabeth had grown much worse, and now appeared to be very near heaven. They informed me that her mind was happy, and that during her great suffering she was heard to cry out, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!’

“On Monday morning I went to her, found her a little recovered, but scarcely able to speak. I read to her part of the 11th chapter of John, dwelling upon the 35th and 36th verses. When I read Christ’s question to Martha, ‘Believest thou this?’ she opened her eyes, smiled, and answered, ‘Oh, yes!’ Her minister, the Rev. Mr M’Gilchrist, came in, of whose kindness and great attention to her she had often and gratefully spoken. When he rose to leave, she extended her emaciated hand and said, ‘Farewell, till we meet in heaven.’ On taking my leave of her, she spoke of our reunion in glory, and desired me to convey her dying love to her com-

panions of the class, mentioning several by name. We parted to meet no more on earth. And on the Tuesday morning at five o'clock, she fell asleep in Jesus. Her last words were, when asked by a Christian friend if she was happy, 'Peace, peace!' Her age was twenty-one. On the Friday following, her body was committed to the dust, followed to its final resting-place by many of her beloved associates in the study of the Bible which she loved. Many tears were shed; but we have the blessed assurance to comfort us in our sorrow, that 'those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.'

"Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.

"Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above!
Shews the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

"Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast;
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.

"For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign."

In the following letters, the interesting subject of this brief memoir will be allowed to speak

more fully for herself. The idea, of course, was never present to her mind, when she penned them, that they would ever meet the public eye. They are, therefore, the more valuable, as breathing out the sincere and unfettered sentiments and affections of her soul into the bosom of those she so fondly loved. The first is a touching one. It was written to her aged father during her last illness, and was directed to be given to him after her decease:—

March 1842.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,—When you read this, I shall be in heaven, singing that song that is ever new. Dear father, I cannot bear the thought that we should be for ever separated. Shake off your robe of self-righteousness, and go as a lost sinner to the foot of the Cross ; none can perish there. I die in the firm belief that the Lord Jesus made an infinite atonement for a ruined world ; and that all who believe and rest in His finished work as the ground of their hope and acceptance with God, *shall be saved*, and never can come into condemnation. Dear father, be kind to my little brother. Oh that he may be of the Saviour's lambs, fed by Him with heavenly manna ; a tree of righteousness to grow up into perfect holiness. Dear parent, I leave you in the *hands of my Father in heaven*, feeling assured He

will answer prayer on your behalf
the Lord Jesus Christ. Him, tell
always. Dear father, ponder the
child, who being dead, yet speak
Your affectionate daughter
ELIZABETH LINCOLN

The tender regard which she bore to her
loved teacher, and the high value
upon her unwearied and self-denial
in the school and in the Sabbath
class, sweetly breathe in the following
addressed to her by Elizabeth Lincoln
absence from the class :—

MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED
I embrace the present opportunity to
you a few lines. I had the privilege
the school on Sabbath evening.
to meet with my dear companions,
and to feel the wondrous love of Jesus.
I enjoyed the little prayer-meeting.
The chapter of the Revelation, and
William Hutchinson, explained it to us.
He spoke sweetly on the 21st verse, "The
Lord cometh and will I grant to sit with him
How animating this prospect!

"A hope so much divine
May trials well endure."

My dear teacher, I have to thank you for the kind letter you sent us. Oh that it may be the means of teaching some careless young ones, who are postponing the interests of their precious souls to a future time, to flee now to Jesus as the only refuge from the coming storm. Dear teacher, we felt deeply interested in the young person you wrote to us about, who is so ill; we remembered her in prayer, and asked the Lord to support and comfort her, and lift upon her the light of His countenance. We shall not forget you, and all the young you may be engaged in teaching. My cough still continues, but not so bad as it was. Oh for more gratitude to God for all His goodness to me!

Your affectionate Scholar,

ELIZABETH LINN.

Edinburgh, June 18, 1841.

MY DEAR TEACHER,—I return you many sincere thanks for your very kind letter. I hope, by the grace of God, your dear letters will be greatly blest to our souls. May the solemn words addressed to those who have not yet come to Jesus, be carried home to their hearts with power, and *be made the blessed means, in the hand of God,*

of awakening many to an anxious concern about their precious souls; and may we, who have found Jesus precious, like the young person you told us of, tell others about that wonderful love that led the Lord of life and glory to die for fallen and ruined creatures! How little do we seem to do for that Jesus who has done so much and such great things for me! Well may I look upon my soul, and all that is within me, to be stirred up to bless and magnify His holy name. I feel at times very happy, when returning from the Sabbath-school, in having heard about the love of Jesus; my heart is made to expand with love to God and to others. For some time past I have had much enlargement in prayer, and am enabled to bring to the throne of grace every request and want, and always found peace. But I have been very much cast down for these two days past. And yet I know that the Lord is hiding His face from me in love, and I am enabled to say, It is all well, and all for my good. There is still much sin and pride remaining in this heart of mine unsubdued. Miss Hutchinson is so kind, and so anxious about our souls. I hope we all feel thankful to our heavenly Father, for giving us such kind friends as you and Miss H., who care so much for our souls. Oh that every one longing to the class would come to Jesus, and

believe that God in Him is "pacified toward us, for all that we have done." I hope you will yet have the pleasure of seeing many, many of the dear, dear class, faithful followers of the Lamb. Weak and unworthy though my prayers are, I do not forget you and your dear sick friend. Pray for me, dear teacher, that I may be humble.

Your affectionate Scholar,

ELIZABETH LINN.

The following extracts are from letters addressed to the young friend so frequently referred to in the preceding pages. It would appear, as is often the case, that a strong Christian affection had grown up between Elizabeth and her young correspondent, long before any personal acquaintance had taken place. Her love to Jesus was more manifestly, on this account, the sweet, holy, and close-attracting bond of their union :—

March 7, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Though never having seen you, I rejoice to hear you are one of those who love the Lord Jesus. Once I had no love to that Divine Friend who "sticketh closer than a brother." I thought I was young, and might live many years ; and that after a while, I would begin to seek after God. Oh, foolish thought ! not knowing

that until I had come to Jesus, I could have real happiness. But it pleased the Lord, in riches of His mercy, to lay me on a bed of sickness, and it was then I felt it had been better for me to have sought the Lord in health, and not have delayed. I was very ill. My friends and medical attendant had very little hope of my recovery. I felt much afraid to die ; for I thought I was not one of those who had washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb ; therefore I could not stand before His throne, nor serve Him. My much-honoured friend and teacher visited me. She spoke to me of the wonderful love of Jesus for poor sinners ; and how willing He was to save the uttermost all that come unto Him. But I felt my own weakness, and the utter inability of myself, even to think a good thought, this was apt to discourage me. But the Lord shewed me that I was not to look into my own heart for any good thing, but to look to Jesus, my Surety, and to rely on His *finished work* for salvation. Well may I adopt the language of David, and say, " O Lord, in faithfulness hast afflicted me ; " " before I was afflicted I was astray ; " but now I have seen the salvation of the Lord.

My dear friend, pray that my faith fail not, and that I may stand, and may lean on

mighty arm of the Lord for strength to help in time of need. The other young friends unite with me in their sincerest regards to you. I will be most happy to receive a letter soon from you.
—Yours truly,

ELIZABETH LINN.

To the Same.

23d March.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have to thank you for your very kind letter; it was long looked for. The Christian sympathy and love it breathed, brought tears into my eyes. My dear friend, I hope you still continue to pray for me. I need your prayers very much. I do not forget you when with Jesus, but seek daily for the welfare of your soul. May you be blessed, and be made more and more a blessing; and any effort you make for the promotion of God's glory, may it be countenanced with an abundant blessing. I hope the scholars in Glasgow are getting on well. I should be glad to hear good accounts of them. You will have heard of the death of one of my dear companions belonging to the class. She was very dear to me; we often prayed together, and lamented the coldness of our hearts. But she is now, I trust, free from *sin*, and is where there is no more pain, nor sor-

living *ever* with the King may *qu*
 daily to seek to praise Him, and to do
 blessed will, rejoicing to be employed
 struments of telling the way of salvat
 around us ! My dear friend, may we
 tasted of the love of Jesus, be stirred
 nest prayer, to be made meet for th
 inheritance. I feel how earnest we
 prayer for the dear class, that none
 at the coming of our dear Lord ;
 them now give their hearts to Jesus,
 may behold His glory. I doubt
 time you have had many sweet
 our beloved teacher. Oh, how I
 I feel always so cheered :

I have but little time for writing. Write soon, and *tell me how your soul prospers*. Good-bye.—
Yours in the love of Jesus,

ELIZABETH LINN.

To the Same.

Oct. 1841.

I am happy, dear Helen, you are well. I hope it may please God to strengthen us in body and in mind, that we may be fellow-helpers of each other in the narrow way. Oh, may we not rest satisfied at what we have already attained; but may we *press onward* in our course! A crown of glory glistens in the distance; surely it is worth the running for. Dear Helen, I have enjoyed very much the sweet meetings (the concert for prayer) we have had these ten days past. Oh, may the united cry of God's dear people come before Him with acceptance, through the Lord Jesus, our great Intercessor! Oh, may the happy result be the conversion of sinners! May the Saviour see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied; and may the time speedily come when the whole earth shall be filled with His glory!

O my dear friend, what a precious privilege it is that we can hold communion with God, and sweet fellowship with His Son Jesus Christ! He *is the best* of all friends—unchanging—ever the

same. He is the First and the Last, and the li
One. If we, my dear friend, are His true disci
He will manifest Himself to us in a way He
not to the world. What are we, that His ba
over us should be love, while many are inq
“What is thy Beloved more than another
loved,” seeing no beauty that they should d
Him? Oh, may we, who have tasted that
Lord is gracious, live above this world—
decidedly for Christ! When we think of all
He has done and suffered for us sinners, well
we cry out, “Herein is love, not that we l
God, but that he loved us.” And when we t
of what the Saviour is still doing for us—ir
ceding at His Father’s right hand—how sh
this urge us to drop the anchor of our s
within the veil! How should the love of Ch
constrain us to live not to ourselves, but to l
who so loved us as to give His precious life a
som for us!

I rejoice to hear of the interesting meeti
Oh, may the Spirit be poured out in rich a
dance in all His renovating and sanctifying ir
ences; and may the happy result of them be, t
the Saviour may see of the travail of His soul,
be satisfied! May God be glorified, and sin
saved! When you write, tell me all about
meetings. We enjoy many privileges; and

we remember, that to whom much is given much is required. I am glad you still bear on your heart the dear class at the hour appointed. Let us not rest satisfied until *all* are brought to the knowledge of Jesus. What a happy thought, to look forward to the time when we shall be united in our Father's house! Blessed are they, my dear friend, who have a right to enter in through the gate of the city. There the inhabitants will never say, I am sick; for those who dwell there shall be forgiven their iniquities.—Yours affectionately, in the love of Jesus,

ELIZABETH LINN.

The following extracts from some of her correspondence betray a high tone of spiritual feeling, an ardent attachment to the dear instrument of so much lasting blessing to her soul, and a fervent desire for the salvation of others :—

“ I sat down at the table of the Lord for the first time last communion. I hope I was enabled to look above the ordinance to the God of ordinances, and to behold Him as a reconciled Father in Christ Jesus. Oh that every trembling soul would believe this precious truth, that God in Christ is reconciled even to the vilest of the vile, *and pacified toward us, for all that we have done!*

their spiritual warfare and then have
a Sabbath-school. May the Lord
bless the labours of our dear teacher
have the happiness of seeing the people
Lord prosper in her hands."

"*January* 1842.—Pray for submission
will of God. Oh, do not speak again
struggle at death! It is the words, 'Saviour'
that makes me happy when I think of

"I shall be very happy to devote
Sabbath morning to ask the divine blessing
the labours of our dearly-beloved teacher
may we not rest satisfied until every
the class is brought to the foot of the cross
take refuge in the bleeding side of Jesus
Oh, it is not too much to ask that
saved, when the salvation of sinners is

when we are all united in one, and our beloved teacher, and all who have loved the dear Saviour! We shall cast our crowns at His feet, and ascribe all glory to the Lamb that was slain! My dear friend, I have been thinking it would be so nice if we knew the hour on the Sabbath mornings, that we might all unite together in prayer, in behalf of the dear young ones. We were thinking of from seven to eight o'clock. We may sing—

‘Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.’ ”

As the reader has advanced thus far, the ardent attachment of Elizabeth to her Bible class must frequently have impressed the mind, as forming a lively and a prominent trait in her amiable and spiritual character. Her associations with it were most hallowed, her affection for it most tender and holy. It was there she first heard of Jesus, the sinner's Friend. It was there she first felt herself to be that sinner, and Him to be that Friend. It was there, too, beneath the culture of the same tender and skilful hand, by whose instrumentality the seed had first been sown, that the budding of grace in her heart was nurtured, until God removed this lovely plant to a *more genial soil*, where the bud of grace has

burst into the full-blown flower of glory. Her fond attachment to her class, to which we have alluded, will best express itself in the following letter, which she addressed to it while lying on her bed of languishing :—

TO MY DEAR COMPANIONS OF THE CLASS.

March 1841

MY VERY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I would like to write you a few lines to-night, as I feel I shall not be able again. I feel extremely weak and suffer much from difficulty of breathing. My dear companions, the first thing I would urge upon you is, regular attendance upon the class. I can look back upon the time when I was first brought amongst you, and *thank God* for it. O my dear young friends, how very short and uncertain our time is! We have gotten many warnings, the voice has been made to sound in our ears, “Be ye also ready.”

March 9.—My dear young friends, I have been thinking much of you this morning, and have been asking from God that we may all be united at His own right hand. O my dear friends, it is here you must choose whose you will be,—“who is on the Lord’s side?” Satan is a *hard master*, serve him no longer, he is seeking

to ruin your precious souls for ever ; delay not a moment longer, flee to Jesus the stronghold, while you are prisoners of hope ; the blessed Jesus is waiting to receive you ; all things are ready. Are there some of my dear companions here who have been convinced of sin, but who fear that Jesus will not receive them until they perform their neglected duties, and try to be like God's people, and then, they think, Jesus will receive them, with this plea in their hands ? Dear friends, this is what I thought, but it will not do : we must come as sinners, as lost sinners, to the foot of the cross,—it was for sinners Jesus died ; this is all the plea we need.

March 10.—My dear friends, I should like to speak a word to you who have found Jesus precious. Oh, how sweet and precious I have found these words,—“ *My beloved is mine, and I am his.*” O my dear sisters, rest not satisfied with any attainments here, seek daily to know more of the love of Jesus. I have been thinking much of dear Elizabeth Aitchinson this morning, who is now in glory. Oh, how sweet to think of meeting with those who are gone before. O my dear companions, how different things appear when laid on a sick bed ! Oh, seek now to glorify God ; tell others what the Lord has done for your souls. I rejoice to think I am not

forgotten at the much-loved prayer-meeting. Yes I *can say*, the Lord blessed me *there*. May you have a refreshing season this evening ! May Jesus come in and sup with you, and you with Him ! Oh, BE VERY MUCH IN PRAYER for our dear devoted teacher, that her labours may be abundantly blessed ! May the Lord bless these few lines to your souls, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate sister in the love of Jesus,

ELIZABETH LINN.

The following detached observations, which fell from the lips of the interesting subject of our little Memoir, and which were noted down at the time, are supplied by one of her attached companions and fellow-disciples at the feet of Jesus. They unfold a rapid and mature work of grace in the soul ; and, coming from the lips of one so young, yield much glory to that blessed Spirit, without whose teaching all other instruction is in vain ; but with whose gracious and accompanying influence the weakest human effort to convey spiritual light to the judgment, and conviction to the heart, of a poor sinner, shall prove effectual to the removal of the strongest barriers to the salvation of the soul. With an eye of faith immoveably fixed on the omnipotent and *irresistible* power of the Holy Ghost, let no one

labouring for the conversion of sinners despair. The more unpromising the case, and the feebler the instrument, the more resplendently will the power, grace, and love of the Spirit shine forth. Never abandon a soul till God does ; and we have no just ground for supposing that God does until the fearful and irrevocable fiat has gone forth,—“Cut it down!” and we see the fruitless tree stretched lifeless upon the earth. The following letter may be read with deep instruction and comfort by the more matured believer :—

“About the middle of February, when, through the kind providence of God, I first visited Elizabeth Linn, she said, on seeing me, ‘Come away, Margery, why were you so long in coming?’ The manner in which she uttered these words, and the pleasing countenance she displayed, bespoke to me a far different character than I had supposed she was. I had thought her distant, just because I did not know her so well as I might have known her. It was indeed a rebuke to me, for judging of any one from mere outward appearance. At that time she said, speaking of her sufferings, that ‘sin was the cause of them all. But, oh, what a happy place will heaven be, where there is no sin, and therefore no sorrow!’ *I spoke to her of Christ as the life of the believer,*

and that that life was hidden in God. We had no life in ourselves, but that we received every breath of our life from Christ. She remarked, 'Oh, how safe and sweet it is to feel that Christ is everything to the soul and we nothing!' She many times spoke of the precious privilege of seeing the Lord's face, of everything, especially of my coming to her at such a season, when her dear husband left her. She would often speak of the blessedness of the communion of saints,—and we enjoyed a very great degree of it here, anticipating, what would it be in glory, when we shall see Christ, and enjoy it to the full! At one time we were very happy, speaking of the great and wonderful things God had done for us, and which He had promised still to do for us. 'Oh, I must not, I will not flatter you. I will receive to give to me.' She enjoyed heaven upon earth. At one time, after a fit of coughing, she said to me, 'Oh, I long it will be to meet you in heaven, where we shall never, never part, and spend a happy eternity together in speaking of all the way the Lord has led us!' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and every past and present sufferings will add another note to the song, ever charming, ever new.' 'Oh, how she said, 'to think of it! What must I

be! Have you any doubt that we shall meet again? Do you think it will be long?' I said, 'No, Elizabeth, I have no doubt; and as to the time, I cannot tell.' 'Oh,' she replied, 'it does not matter; at the longest it is short. Oh, let us live to the glory of our God!' About that time I read to her a poem by Ralph Erskine, entitled, 'The Work and the Contention of Heaven.' She said, 'I do not think much of it; it is fancy and conjecture.' 'True,' I remarked, 'the language of earth is too poor to utter the joys which are in heaven; we know very little of them here.' 'I like,' she said, 'the verse near the end which says,

"Their discord makes them all unite
In praises most divinely sweet;
So sweet the song, so grave the bass,
Melodious music fills the place."

"I asked her once if she was afraid of death; she replied that she was not. She often spoke of the doubts and fears of the believer, how dishonouring they were to God, and hurtful to our own souls,—as if God had promised what He was neither able nor willing to perform. The 'sure mercies of David' were her support; they were sure because God had promised them, and that was enough for her. Once, while suffering very much, I repeated the lines—

'His arms can well sustain
The people of His love.'

'Yes,' she exclaimed, 'though he slay me, yet *will* I trust in him.' That sweet verse in Romans *v. 9* was very precious to her, 'Rejoicing in hope of the glory of God,' rejoicing in hope of the *coming glory*, as she expressed it. She was very much delighted with the idea, that Christ had paved the way for His flock, and that He keeps an open door, and that no one could shut it against her. She had been tempted to fear that her sins would shut this door; but this precious promise had been given to her, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' (John i. 7.) This proved, indeed, the sword of the Spirit, whereby she was enabled to quench the fiery dart of the wicked one. This, as far as I know, was her last temptation. She took very great delight in singing the sweet psalms and hymns she had committed to memory; and often, when Christian friends called to see her, she would request them to sing, in which, as long as her strength permitted, she took a part. On taking leave of her friends, she would frequently exhort and entreat them to keep close to Jesus, and that He would give them to experience what comfort and support He had in reserve for them for a sick-bed and a dying hour. She spoke to many of the love of Jesus, commending Him as much by her example *in patient suffering*, as by her counsels. She had

my precious treatises and memoirs presented her by her dear friends, and which were very useful to her; but for more than three weeks before her death, she wished nothing so much to be read to her as her Bible. It was there she found food for her soul, comfort in the time of sickness, and support in the hour of death. These parts especially recorded in Isa. xliii. 11, liv. 10, xli. 10-13; Rev. xxii. 17; Deut. xi. 18; and the 13th and 18th chapters of John's Gospel, were more to her than tongue can utter or heart conceive. She was fond of 'Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.' Those commencing, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,'—'Let me dwell in Golgotha,'—'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!'—'When I can read my title clear,'—were her favourites. The following beautiful hymn, from the Olney collection, much refreshed her mind:—

"When on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

"His thorns and nails pierce through my heart!
In every groan I bear a part!
I view His wounds with streaming eyes;
But see! He bows His head, and dies!

"Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood.

Behold His side, and venture near;
The well of endless life is here.

" Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the Fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

" Oh that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more Thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of Thy name.

" Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound."

The following she requested might be read
a few hours before her death :—

" Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep:
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

" Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting.

" Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

" Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

"Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Destroys this precious 'hiding place';
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

"Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep."

"Upon a kind friend bringing her some clean clothes, she said, 'The Lord bless and reward you for all your kindness; but I shall soon get the white robe, "clean and white," which will need no washing.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'for it will never be soiled.' 'No, no,' she eagerly said, 'no sin there to defile, for all is pure and holy.' When alone, she would often cry out, 'Oh, come and help me to praise Him, for all the great love wherewith He loves us. Speak to me of the wonders of redeeming love, and tell me of the sufferings of my Jesus, that I may forget my own; for I am often like poor Peter, looking at the waves and forgetting the power of the Lord Jesus to help me.' Once when we were very happy together singing and praying, she said, 'Oh, how strange it is that when we find so much of heaven in this exercise, we are so seldom engaged in it!' I replied, 'It is owing to the desperate wickedness of our hearts.' On one remarking to her, and regretting that she was *deprived the privilege of attending on the public*

ordinances of God's grace, and that weary lying on her bed so long, she said I never weary: triflers wonder how the weeks, and even months, pass away. More than makes up for want of ordinances sufferings abound, consolations much more. On one occasion, observing her little tears on account of the illness of his son, he said to him, 'O Willie, I thought you would never get better; you know what the Psalmist said, father and my mother forsake me, they will take me up.' Read that beautiful psalm which says, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." I shall not be troubled by the scene. Once, after a severe fit of coughing, he cried out in great pain, 'Lord, help me, O Lord, hear me in the day of trouble!' For the day before her death, her sufferings were much increased, which prevented her from conversing with them afterwards, she said, 'Oh, what a wearying I had yesterday; but what was my Jesus bore for me! Oh, how wonderfully I supported under it!' She took an leave of her minister, to whom she said, 'Good-bye, sir, till we meet again.' At broken intervals he said, 'Light affliction'—'Enduring affliction, O Lord, Him who is invisible.' I said to her, 'Are you happy? Do you feel Jesus still with

said, 'Peace, peace.' After prayer for a quiet passage home, she pressed and kissed my hand. I repeated the first line of one of her favourite hymns—

'Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep !'

She looked at me with a countenance with more of heaven in it than of earth, and then sweetly and gently fell asleep in Jesus, on the 5th of April, in the twenty-first year of her age.

'Oh, let me live and die like her,
Enclosed in Jesus' arms.'

"M. A."

The following is the letter from the Rev. Mr Burns, to which allusion is made on page 26, as having afforded much spiritual refreshment to our now glorified young friend. It is a touching exhibition of a holy yearning of soul for the full salvation of youth,—oh that there were more of it!—and affords a striking illustration of one peculiar mean by which that great object may be sought. If those who visit this and kindred schools would gather up a fragment of, perhaps, otherwise wasted time, and devote it to a short epistle to the young people, after the example of our brother, how much would it encourage the heart and strengthen the hands of the teacher, and with what rich and lasting blessing might it be followed to the taught !

TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE ATTENDING G——
SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

Perth, March 10, 184

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I long after :
all in the bowels of Jesus Christ, and pray t
the Holy Spirit may descend upon all your so
I would have long ago sent you a few lines in
turn for the kind notes which some of you wr
to me, but I have been so busily occupied si
I was in Edinburgh, day after day, in the bles
work of seeking, in public and private, to br
souls to Jesus, that I could not find a mom
to write ; and now that I have begun, I will
obliged to send only a very few hurried lines.

Some of you remember that sweet and gl
ous verse, on which I spoke a little the first ti
I was among you. I will repeat it, as it is
that ought to be engraven upon all our hea
“Ye know the grace of the Lord Jesus, w
though he was rich, yet for your sakes beca
poor, that ye through his poverty might be ma
rich.” This sweet verse, I well remember, t
derly affected some of our souls, through
power of the Holy Ghost, on that afternoon t
I was among you ; and it is by considering, a
truly believing, the wonderful truth which it c
tains, that we are to be saved from sin, and all

bitter and everlasting fruits, and to be made partakers of the salvation of God with eternal glory. Think, then, again, my dear young friends, of the dignity and glory which Emmanuel left, when He came to our earth to save us. This we cannot conceive, it is so great and glorious. He was rich. He was not a creature, but the Father's "only-begotten Son," the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, being in the form of God, and thinking it to be no robbery to be equal with God. And, therefore, He was rich from all eternity, not only in having all the universe as His own, but in possessing all the infinite, eternal, and unchangeable attributes of the Godhead. And yet, mystery of mysteries! He became poor! He veiled His divine glory in our weak nature, by becoming a man. And you know it is written in Phil. ii. that "he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." But this was not all, "he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" and His sufferings and shame were only ended by bleeding to death upon the accursed tree. This is a mystery which will never be fully understood by any creature throughout eternity, but will always be unfolding new wonders of divine wisdom, power, and *grace*, to the souls of redeemed sinners and un-

1

fallen angels. But then, what comes next in the words?—"He became poor for your sakes, that y through his poverty might be made rich!" Had He not become thus poor, giving up for us not only all that He possessed, but giving Himself for us, we could not have been ransomed from the power of sin and Satan, but must all have lain down in everlasting burnings, lighted up and fanned for ever and ever by the breath of a holy and righteous God. When we were thus awfully poor, He, in His infinite love, became Himself poor to enrich us. The wrath of God was suspended over us all, and though all creatures in heaven and earth had tried, even by their own death, to save us from it, they could no more have done so than the least worm could support the mighty globe. But when all hope was at an end, Emmanuel interposed Himself in human nature between the wrath of Almighty God above, and us poor guilty perishing sinners, below. That wrath descended on Him, it mangled His body, it pierced and tortured His soul, until He, "the Prince of life," "the Lord of glory, died!" But, glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, He cried out "It is finished!" as He bowed His head and gave up the ghost; the infinite wrath of God coming down on Him could come no further. Death triumphed over Him as man, but He vanquished

death itself, because He was Jehovah. Divine wrath consumed His human nature, but the golden altar of His Divine nature on which that sacrifice was consumed, it could not injure, and this altar, sanctifying the gift upon it, gave such a value to the sacrifice of Jesus, that His death is an infinite atonement for sin : and sufficient to ransom, if so it pleased the Father, millions of millions of worlds of sinners, though each individual had on him the united guilt of all men on earth, and all men and devils in hell ! Dear fellow-sinners, if you take refuge by faith in this sacrifice of Emmanuel, you are saved, and cannot come into condemnation, but have passed from death unto life. If you despise and reject it, sooner may heaven and earth pass away, than that you should escape being in hell to all eternity for your sins. I rejoice to hear that some of you seem to have gotten a glimpse of the love of Jesus, and of the preciousness of His blood. To such I would say, remain at Calvary, be there sleeping and waking, at work or at play, living and dying ; gaze upon that great sight until your conscience enjoys perfect peace with God, until your heart is filled with Emmanuel's love, and your whole soul is transformed into His image, and becomes as a mirror, finely polished to reflect to all eternity the *rays of His grace and glory !* Look unto Jesus

all the gospel. Look and wonder, look and li
look and love, look and adore, look and admi
look and be blessed, look and be glorified, lo
eternally, and your hearts will be filled with ev
lasting love, your mouth with an unending hal
lujah !

What can I say to those among you, who ha
heard of Jesus, and whose hearts are given to :
other, to the world, to themselves, to a lust
passion, an idol, to sin, to Satan,—ah ! to hell-fi
if the Lord, in infinite mercy, do not interpos
Children, young people, that have not yet come
Jesus, know you not that you are under the wra
of God, and that every moment it is coming nea
and nearer to your poor souls ? Awake, ari
flee without a moment's delay to Jesus, and ta
refuge below His bleeding body, and enjoy n
and to all eternity His free, infinite, and r
changeable love to perishing sinners ! Shall
meet you in heaven, or see you going away in yo
impenitence and unbelief to hell ? What me
ye, O sleepers ! arise and call upon God. " W
soever shall call upon the name of the Lord sh
be saved."

Write to me, and I will try and write so
again. I must have done. The Lord Jesus
with your spirits.—Yours in Emmanuel,

WM. C. BURNS

Many important reflections are suggested by the narrative now brought to a close; but that the reader may not be detained from the perusal of the one that follows, the practical improvement which may be made of both will be embodied in the closing pages of the volume.

MEMOIR
OF
ELIZABETH AITCHINSON.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."—2 SAM. I. 23.

THE name of the interesting subject of the following sketch occurs more than once in the preceding pages. She was the Bible-class associate and the endeared friend of her whose narrative we have just brought to a close. Death for while separated them here below; but death reunited them again in a better world on high. The interval of their separation was not long. They were indeed "lovely and pleasant in the lives, and in their death they were not divided."

ELIZABETH AITCHINSON,—whose history closes our little volume,—was also a member of the same Bible class for a period of six years and *half*, and during that period was exemplary &

her regular attendance and diligent attention to the spiritual instructions given. About the beginning of November 1839, the school was privileged with several visits from the Rev. Mr Burns. On his addressing a note to her teacher, stating that he was in town, and wished to make an appointment with the school, a reply was returned by Elizabeth. On placing the note in her hand, her teacher took the opportunity of conversing with her with a more personal application of the truth to her conscience than she had before done ; reminding her that although she possessed much spiritual light on divine things in her judgment, she yet had not passed from death unto life. This heart-searching appeal to a conscience sufficiently enlightened and tender to admit its truth and feel its force, drew tears from her eyes. On leaving her teacher, she hastened upon her errand. Mr Burns had just left the house, but she was informed that she might possibly overtake him, which, after a short time, she did. Having read the note by the light of a street-lamp, and delivered a verbal answer, he inquired if she was a scholar. She replied that she was a "Sabbath-evening one." In a kind but solemn manner, he then put the question to her, "Have you seen the glory of Christ?" She hung down her head, but made no reply. He then

affectionately took her hand in his "*Never* rest until you can say Christ to you," and left her. That was the which the arrow of sin's conviction, the weakness of man, but winged by power of the Spirit, found a lodg heart. Sleep was a stranger to he night. Its silent hours were spent in searchings of heart, and in the most holy reflection. Who can slumber, standing upon the brink of hell? ungodly and impenitent sleep? Why secure, so lightsome, and so gay? I are strangers to conviction of sin, the lake of quenchless fire, on whose each moment stand. But Elizabeth from her deep slumber. That night was riveted upon her mind, "If I swer Mr Burns, how can I answer i to stand at God's tribunal?" She God's goodness in surrounding her w privileges; interesting His people in welfare, especially His sending one w never seen before. Ten days she sp mental anguish. The arrow rema fixed in her heart,—the wound fest conscience,—the discovery of her sin, *ceeding* sinfulness, became more and

clear, and overpowering. On the following Sabbath evening, observing on her countenance an air of deep distress, her teacher inquired if she was ill. She burst into tears, and said, "My body is well, but my soul is miserable!" From this time she became an object of deep solicitude and especial prayer. After many conversations with her teacher,—who rejoiced to meet with a case so suited in every respect to the Saviour of lost sinners, the Healer of the broken-hearted, the Comfort of those that mourn,—she at length found peace through the atoning blood of the Lamb, and took her place at Jesus' feet, a pardoned, a justified, and a happy soul. From that time she rejoiced in God, and the joy of the Lord was her strength. Her sole ground of acceptance was the finished work of the incarnate God. She saw that all this mercy she owed to free and distinguishing grace. That, as a sinner, without a single claim upon that grace springing from herself, was she saved. That, had God punished her, He would have been perfectly *just*; but that in saving her by the death of His Son, both His justice and His grace were magnified. Solid ground was this for her faith. She was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory; we marvel not at it. Her peace flowed like a river; we wonder not that it should. Emancipation

from the most abject slavery—acquittal from an appalling condemnation—escape from the most fearful doom, succeeded by a positive state of blessings and privilege, to which the highest angel in heaven is a stranger,—if *this* does not fill the heart with gladness, the mouth with praise, the life with holiness, and even death with transport, what else can ?

From this time her path was truly that of the “just, shining more and more unto the perfect day.” Short was her journey to the skies ; but that journey was to be distinguished by a rapid maturity of grace, which must soon land its happy subject within the precincts of eternal glory. Intercourse with God, it was soon apparent, was her chief employment and delight. Indeed, she became constant and mighty in prayer. Each Sabbath evening, for some months, found her and a few kindred spirits, clustering around the cross, pouring out their hearts in the deepest devotion to Him who from that cross had spoken words of peace to their souls. This meeting, for prayer was with a view of especial supplication for a blessing upon the Bible instruction about to be given, and upon the more general assembling for prayer, which usually succeeded the meeting of the class. Deep humility, *blended with filial confidence and importunate*

earnestness, were the marked characteristics of her prayers. On one occasion, she was heard to ask of God that the "school might be a Lebanon where many cedars might be reared with which to build the Lord's temple." And on the last evening that she was permitted to attend, her heart was much drawn out in intercession in behalf of her teacher, praying that her hands might be holden up by the prayers of her class.

From a memorandum kept by her beloved teacher, we shall gather the materials of her subsequent spiritual course until the close of her life.

"The last Sabbath evening of the year was the closing scene of her attendance at the school. On that occasion she was much distressed, in consequence of the domestic affliction of one of the class; and as the unusual lateness of the hour prevented the customary meeting for prayer, she sweetly said to me, as she left the room, 'We must remember each other in secret, and hope to meet next Sabbath.' In a few days following, she was seized with an attack of inflammation of the lungs. The first time I saw her after this, she thought she was recovering. She said to me, 'Will you tell my dear companions of the class, that at one time I used to think that when I was ill I would come to Jesus. But, oh, say to them *all, that sickness, or the near approach of death,*

is not the time to *begin* to seek Him. Tell them I bless God that my feet were upon the Rock, Christ, before this illness ; and He has supported and comforted me.' She spoke of the strong consolation and stable hope which she then derived from the blessed truths of the gospel ; and of the peace she enjoyed as a sinner at the foot of the cross. At the same time, expressing the anxiety she had of late felt for the conversion of the class, especially the comfort of those who were under concern of mind.

" On calling on her again, she still thought she was slowly recovering, but added, ' I am in the Lord's hands, and He will do with me what is good.' She referred to the delight she had experienced in the class, and of the deep anxiety she felt for the souls of its beloved members. On one occasion, I found her dear friend, Elizabeth Linn, sitting by her side, reading a volume, entitled ' Consolatory Letters,' and conversing happily together of the love of Jesus, and what He had done for their souls. They had been conversing together upon different portions of the Scriptures, when Elizabeth Linn paused, and remarked, ' Oh, how different is the Word of God from other writings ! What a richness in a few words, and what delight does a single passage afford ! ' She expressed a longing desire to join

her class, that she might testify to others what a *present* help in her time of trouble she had found Jesus to be.

“From the stormy state of the weather, I did not see Elizabeth again for several days. On Saturday, a note from her father informed me she had become suddenly worse, and was anxious to see me. I was informed at the same time by Miss Hutchinson, the teacher of the day-school, that on calling in the forenoon, she had found Elizabeth apparently very near death, but in a most delighted state of mind,—so quiet and composed, so cheerful and happy. She was endeavouring to comfort her weeping parents, by leading them to see the Lord’s hand in the trial. When allusion was made to Abraham’s trial, in being called to give up his son, Elizabeth said, ‘To go further,—to think of His love, who spared not His only-begotten Son, but freely gave Him up for us all. Mother, will you not willingly give me up when God requires it?’

“The next day (Sunday) I went early to see her, and found her a little revived. A blister had given ease to her breathing, in which she gratefully acknowledged the Lord’s blessing on the means. She desired especial prayer to be made for her in the class, that in all things she *might be enabled* to submit to the will of God.

She said, that since she knew the Lord never had the least fear of death, Friday night before. In consequence of fit of coughing, she had thrown up mucus which had greatly weakened her. As yet calling upon her, Elizabeth observed she was shocked at the change in her appearance. When she was gone, she asked her mother for a glass that she might see herself. When she saw her own pale, emaciated face for the first time, she felt a shrinking from death, and she could not live. But she added, 'that night the Lord gave me these precious words, "Accepted of God, and loved." Oh,' she said, 'what sweet mercy I had from them! I saw so clearly the *wholly finished* by Jesus; and that as to Him I had no cause to fear; and since then I have not had another fear of death, my heart has been kept in perfect peace. My heart was brought to the dear Sabbath-evening class. I had a thought, which I hope is not wrong, that perhaps I have been thinking that in heaven I may be allowed to know when and where of the dear class gives her heart to Jesus. I know it says, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents," and I feel as if my joy would be great. I *knew* it was one of my dear companions

haps I may yet be able to be in the class one Sabbath evening more. How I would like to speak to all of the love of Jesus! Will you say to-night that it is my earnest wish that all would attend regularly? I have felt the good of a *regular* attendance, and a blessed school it has been to me.'

"On Monday I found her," continues her teacher, "still better. 'When unable to speak much,' she remarked, 'I can say, God be merciful to me a sinner.' She stated that she felt sweet peace, the gift of Jesus' love, and found at the foot of the cross. She named several of the class, concerning whose conversion she felt great anxiety, and was desirous that they would not delay, but come immediately and wholly to Christ. She mentioned one particularly, whom she felt to be thoughtless, but rejoiced to think that of late she had manifested more interest in spiritual things, adding, 'the grace of God can soften down the hardest heart.' I read to her the 7th chapter of the Revelation. Upon the last part, in which she much delighted, she remarked, 'It was not because of their tribulation that they are before the throne, but because they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of Jesus.' She referred to the sweetness she tasted in *lying passively* in the Lord's hands, having

school; and in referring to the evening on
he first saw him, she quoted the lines,

‘A thousand ways Jehovah has
To bring His people home.’

“On Tuesday I found her worse, atten
chill, difficulty of breathing, and restlessness
she had the same sweet and cheerful exp
She manifested tender anxiety at my com
in the cold, and wished me to sit near
Upon my asking her how she was, she
‘I can scarcely tell how I am, or how
but I am a poor sinner at the foot of th
yea, at the feet of Jesus, and there I hav
peace.’—‘Oh, how I wish to speak to all
companions!’ She referred to her affe
Elizabeth Linn, and sweetly added, ‘C
broken’ All who love

love the Lord Jesus, both in heaven and on earth :—

‘ One family we dwell in Him ;
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.’

“ She was lifted from the bed and placed near the fire, much exhausted ; but her heart seemed to overflow with the love of Jesus. She again remarked that she looked back with gratitude to having been a Sabbath Bible-class scholar for above six years, and spake encouragingly to me of the blessing with which the Lord had followed the instructions given. I left her at about two o’clock, little thinking her end was so near. Two hours after, just as her father had laid her down on her bed, he saw a change in her countenance, and said, ‘ Elizabeth, do you think this is death ?’ She replied, ‘ Oh no, father ! I feel very well, except my breathing.’ He again inquired, ‘ Elizabeth, do you love your mother and me ?’ She immediately answered, ‘ O father ! you know that I love you all ; but you know there is One whom I love more than father or mother, brother or sister.’ She then turned on her pillow, as they thought, to take rest in sleep ; but it was the sleep of death—her spirit had fled to Jesus. Happy soul ! ‘ Thy sun shall no more go down, nor shall thy moon withdraw itself ; for the Lord God shall be thine

everlasting light, and the days of thy life shall be'—yea, *are* 'ended.'

'Thou art gone to thy rest, sister!
We will not weep for thee,
For thou art now where oft on earth
Thy spirit long'd to be.

'Thou art gone to thy rest, sister!
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

'Thou art gone to thy rest, sister!
Thy sins are all forgiven,
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven.

'Thou art gone to thy rest, sister!
Death had no sting for thee;
Thy dear Redeemer's might hath gain'd
For thee the victory.'"

The following letter, addressed to her beloved teacher when from home, betrays the young of her tender spirit after more of Christ her own soul, and her ardent desire that Christ might be formed in the souls of others:—

"Edinburgh, Jan

"MY DEAR TEACHER,—We feel grateful to you for your kind fulfilment of your promise in writing to us. Our esteemed friend Miss Hutchins reads to us your very kind and instructive letter. I earnestly hope that, by the blessing of God, they may be made the means of leading many dear companions in the class, who have

yet given up their hearts to the dear and compassionate Redeemer, who is holding out the olive branch of peace, and who says, 'They that seek me early shall find me,' to yield their hearts to Him *now*. I feel, in my humble experience, that there is no real and lasting happiness to be found but in the service of the Redeemer, who so loved us, even when we were rebels against Him, as to give Himself a ransom for us. You wished us to tell you of the dear prayer-meeting. Oh, it is a dear prayer-meeting to our souls indeed ! There we often meet with Jesus ; there our souls are refreshed ; and we have much pleasure in knowing, that though absent in body, we can meet in spirit with our dear teacher. Pray for me, that I may daily grow more humble, and have more of the love of Jesus shed abroad in my heart.

'Blest be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.'


"That the Lord may abundantly bless your labours of love where you are at present, and when at home with us, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate scholar,

"ELIZABETH AITCHINSON."

During her illness, she often recurred to the

following hymn, as affording her a simple and clear view of the atoning, finished work of Jesus, on which the Eternal Spirit had brought her soul believingly to rest, and in resting on which she had found *perfect peace* :—

BELIEVE AND LIVE.

- “ O trembling sinner, lift thine eye,
Behold the cross on Calvary !
See ! wondrous mercy, from our God,
Flows down to man in streams of blood.
- “ Look, sinner, look ! the work is done,
God hath not spared his only Son ;
For you He gave Him up to death,
For you Christ heaved His dying breath.
- “ The spotless ‘ Lamb of God ’ is slain,
Whose blood can cleanse from every stain ;
All sacrificial lights are o’er,
And lo ! the altar smokes no more !
- “ In smiles is Mercy now array’d,
Pleased that, while justice is display’d,
She can unfold the wondrous plan
Of ‘ Peace on earth, good-will to man.’
- “ Oh let your guilty spirit rest
Upon th’ atoning work of Christ :
That work is finish’d—all is done—
Christ is your refuge, Christ alone.
- “ No longer hasten on the path
Which leads to misery and death :
God now entreats you—hear His cry,
‘ Oh turn ye, turn ye, Why will ye die ?’
- “ Eternal life is now reveal’d
In Christ, whose work the Father seal’d,
When from the dead He rose on high,
And captive led captivity.
- 

"O sinner, count the record true ;
Believe that Christ has died for you,
Believe that God will pardon give ;
And now, oh now, believe and live !"

You have now, my dear young reader, concluded the perusal of these brief but instructive memoirs of two young believers, mowed down by the scythe of death like morning flowers of loveliness, not to wither and decay, but to be transplanted to that better land, where flowers of grace expand into flowers of glory. What are the reflections suggested to your thoughtful mind by the gracious dealings of God with their souls, and by His providential removal of them so early to Himself? Permit me to aid you in the practical improvement which, with the Lord's own blessing, you may make of the histories just read. In tracing the different instrumentalities by which their minds were so early and so clearly enlightened on the great truths of salvation, we must first specify their *early connexion with the Sabbath-school*. In this institution they may be said to have spent their years of infancy. Here, doubtless, the foundation was laid of the beautiful superstructure of early piety, which was afterwards so solidly reared and so rapidly completed. Contemplated in this light, the *instructions of the Sabbath-school* became of vast and

indispensable importance. True, it is that part of the work which, because it is under ground, and thus concealed, is therefore much overlooked and undervalued; nevertheless, considered as laying the basis of the fabric, as teaching the first principles, as inculcating the rudiments of divine truth, and as sowing the seeds of future holy thought, the Sabbath-school institution occupies the foreground of all kindred and benevolent enterprises. If the hope of the Christian Church in the great conflict that is before her is in the young, *their* hope of early piety, and of a firm basis of Christian character and distinguished usefulness, is in a great degree associated with the training of the Sabbath-school, fostered by the labours and prayers of the Christian Church. My young reader, are you a Sabbath-school scholar? How favoured, then, is your position,—yet how responsible! You may consider it as the golden period of your life. How much of your future happiness and welfare, respectability and usefulness, depend upon it! The foundation is now being laid: remember what that foundation is to sustain! Perhaps you are of very tender age; your temptations to waste of time, to indolence of disposition, to inattention to study, to neglect of *your class*, to trifle with your companions, to *irregularity in your attendance*, if not to stay away

altogether, may be very great—too great almost for you to conquer. Even more serious temptations than these may assail you. You may be tempted to turn a deaf ear to the instructions given—to undervalue the privilege with which you are so richly favoured—to break away from the restraint of God's holy day and blessed Word—to resist the authority and disregard the counsels of your teacher—to neglect prayer, and those means most calculated to secure the conversion of your soul. But beware! these are temptations of an alarming character, and they ought to be, and *must* be, resisted and overcome. In the Sabbath-school your moral and intellectual character is receiving its first bent: that bent it will never entirely lose. It will give a shape to your afterlife. The good Sabbath scholar will become the diligent Bible-class student, and the diligent Bible-class student will become the devoted teacher; and from the ranks of Sabbath-school and Bible-class teachers the Lord has often selected those who have proved the most eminent ministers of the gospel at home, and the most distinguished and useful Christian missionaries abroad. But a bad Sabbath-school boy or girl gives no such hope of honour or usefulness. See, then, what vast importance attaches to your present situation! How costly the privi-

leges! How golden the opportunities! How precious the instructions! Supplicate God's grace, that you may highly value and rightly improve them.

But it was in the BIBLE CLASS these lovely flowers of grace first appeared, arrayed in the beauties of holiness. It was there the Spirit of God first began effectually to move upon their hearts. Their previous acquaintance with divine truth, the habits of reading and reflection which they had formed, their reverence for the Scriptures, and their respect for persons and things which were spiritual, all of which the instructions and influence of the Sabbath-school had tended to impart, doubtless prepared the way for the subsequent work of grace. And yet it was but preparatory. The *great change* had not yet taken place. Had they died in that state, they had been lost for ever! Here let us pause and remark, how far a young person may go in a spiritually-enlightened and well-informed judgment—in an outward respect for the truth, and even in much love for those who teach it—while yet the whole soul retains its deep rebellion against God. All this time the heart is held back from Christ. Other objects unlawfully detain it. Either fettered to self, to sin, or to *the world*, he who alone possesses a right to it

affection is made to stand a patient, long-suffering suitor at its closed door. During this season of hesitation and delay, the difficulties of surrendering the heart to Jesus are multiplying, while the probabilities are becoming stronger and stronger that that heart, thus wooed and refused, will never be His! Oh, how does every moment of procrastination and delay widen the distance between Christ and the sinner! What a fearful process is going on in the soul, of hardening and riveting! Every day the conscience becomes more and more impervious to holy impression, and a new link is forged and added to the chain which binds the heart to sin. Impenitence and unbelief weave and intertwine their web stronger and faster; Satan is getting a more supreme mastery, and the things and cares of earth a firmer hold. New acquaintances are made—new associations are formed—new habits are contracted—new desires and expectations are begotten, and new sources of gratification are sought and found, to meet their insatiable and resistless cravings. Thus all the while heaven is receding from the view, becoming each moment of persisted impenitence a “land *very far off*,” while hell, moved from beneath, is nearing with noiseless and unseen tread, the certain and appalling doom of every *soul dying in its sins!*

But from this fearful condition the Lord, in the riches of His sovereign grace, delivered these young believers. The instructions of the Bible class, I have already remarked, were mainly instrumental in effecting their conversion to God. As soon as they had been honourably dismissed from the Sabbath-school, they attached themselves to the adult class, which met on each Sabbath evening for biblical study. It was here the great truths of the Bible were presented to their minds in their more experimental character and personal application to the conscience. Their unrenewed state by nature—the exceeding sinfulness of sin—the holiness of God—the spiritualities and claims of the law—the nature and necessity of conversion—the personal glory and the atoning work of Jesus—the grace, power, and love of the Spirit—were subjects pressed upon their individual consideration by the affectionate teacher, with a result which told how faithfully they had been urged, and with what divine blessing they had been accompanied. What a beautiful and impressive illustration do the histories of these young Christians afford of the superior advantages which flow from Bible class instruction !

It comes not within our immediate province in *these pages*, to enlarge upon the most efficacious

plan of conducting a Bible class. We may venture, however, to suggest a few hints, which may not be unacceptable to those engaged in this interesting and important mode of imparting spiritual instruction to the young. We remark, then, in the outset, that that plan will best commend itself to the judgment, which seems most calculated to secure the great and primary end of the institution itself, viz.—*the immediate conversion to God of its unrenewed members, and the advancement of those who believe in Jesus in all practical godliness.* We suppose these to be the grand results aimed at in all biblical instruction. There is great danger, we venture to premise, of making a Bible class too much to resemble the divinity class of a theological school. The *literature* of the Bible may supersede, as a study, a thorough investigation of the *spiritual* meaning, and the practical bearing, of the text. Abstract and subtle questions of theology may set aside those which have a more direct and personal reference to the subject of the soul's salvation. That which we want mainly to know ourselves and make known to others, is the mind of the Holy Spirit in the Word,—*what God says to us on the momentous matter of our future and eternal state.* To those who possess the ability and the time to acquire a *knowledge* of the original Hebrew and Greek of

the Scriptures,—their chronology,—their Oriental allusions,—their history, science, and poetry doubtless what may be termed the literary meaning of the Bible, would by these means be better understood ; and much that would otherwise appear discrepant and mysterious, would be explained and elucidated. But of the great mass of our youth devoted to the study of the Scriptures, how few possess either the time or the talent for such acquirements, investigation, and research. And yet the Spirit of God being their Teacher,—He opening their understanding to understand the Scriptures,—they may arrive at such clear and profound views of the spiritual and true meaning of the Bible, as shall render them the most formidable opponents of error, and the most powerful exponents of truth. They shall then completely distance, in a real and deep knowledge of the sacred Word, the more literary and intellectual student. While the one is admiring external beauty and symmetry of the temporal truth, the other shall have passed within, raised its numerous and gorgeous apartments. The one shall applaud the taste and skill which mark the arrangement of the table ; the other shall take his seat at its side, and partake of its richly-furnished viands, as one “hungering and thirsting after righteousness.”

In conducting a Bible class, then, we repeat, it is all-important—first, to keep distinctly and constantly in view the grand end of such an institution,—the present conversion to God of its members. Its results falling short of this, dwindle into comparative insignificance. The Bible was given, not as a text-book of human science, but as a divine revelation of God's will. It was designed, not to make skilful disputants, or dry theologians, but converted sinners, and holy Christians. Not to inform the judgment merely, but to renew and sanctify the heart. Let the learner become experimentally acquainted with its holy truths, and you have gone far, yea, you have done the utmost that human instrumentality can do,—not only to fortify the mind against the seductions of error, but to make the disciple like Apollos of old, “mighty in the Scriptures,”—able to teach others also. As a mean to an end—an end, oh, how glorious!—God has placed in your hand a powerful agency. It may be simple in its construction, and noiseless in its operation—human genius may not admire, nor may human breath applaud it; nevertheless, as an instrument of conversion, it is second only to the Christian ministry. Indeed, in some points of view, it may be said to possess an influence transcending that of the ministry. The pulpit addresses itself to

the mass, the Bible class to the individual. In the one case there is a hearing for others, in the other, there is a hearing for one's self. The teacher has a hold upon the conscience, and is brought into contact with the whole soul in a way which affords superior advantage of usefulness. Let no conductor of a Bible class underrate his power. Its greatness is equalled only by the responsibility which it imposes, and the blessings which it secures. You are intrusted with an important charge ; you are called to a great work. You hold in your hands a mighty agency of usefulness. Yours it is to open up the mind of the spirit in the Word,—to explain its deep mysteries, to expound its great doctrines, to enforce its holy precepts, and to unfold its precious promises. What a high office—an interpreter of God's holy Word ! Is not the bare thought enough to annihilate all secret, fond conceit of your own worthiness, wisdom, or strength ; to lay low every wretched feeling and exhibition of self, and to constrain you to be much at the feet of Jesus, in earnest and ceaseless supplication for the teaching and the anointing of His own Spirit ? Oh, that hands so unclean should be permitted to handle a word so pure !—that lips so polluted should be *anointed* to speak of a God so holy !—that one *poor, ignorant sinner* should be appointed by the

Lord a teacher of others ! Oh, how should we sink in the dust before Him !

And what an opportunity is thus afforded you of watching the gradual progress of the work of grace in the soul,—of tracing it, step by step, from its earliest dawn to its fullest glory, from its feeblest beginnings to its perfect maturity ! And, oh, how much of God is learned in this school,—of His love to poor sinners ; of the power of His grace, in overcoming the most formidable opposition in the soul ; of the wisdom with which He teaches ; of the skill with which He guides ; of the gentleness and sleepless care with which He watches over the soul He is conducting from earth to heaven ! What a deep insight into His glorious character is thus afforded ! And what an honour to be the instrument of effecting this great and wondrous work,—of turning a sinner from the error of his ways ; of reproving the indifferent ; alarming the careless ; instructing the ignorant ; guiding the inquiring ; satisfying the doubtful ; encouraging the timid ; in a word, of leading a sin-distressed soul to a Saviour who casts out none that come to Him ! Surely this is a distinction which angels might covet, this is a crown which they might exult to wear. To be a benefactor of mind, what a privilege ! To train *that mind* for a blissful eternity, what a responsi-

bility! It is thus we become co-workers with God.

As to the plan of conducting a Bible class, the more simple and the less complicated, the more likely is it to secure the grand object it contemplates. A single book of the Scriptures should be commenced with and closely adhered to until it is finished. All rambling, desultory study of the Bible, both in private reading and in class investigation, should be avoided. By this I do not mean to set aside the comparing of Scripture with Scripture, for this is of the highest importance, is indispensably necessary, and would necessarily not confine the learner to a single book, but carry him into many. But I refer to the advantage of making one Gospel or one Epistle, for example, the subject of study, until its scope is clearly seen, and its textual meaning is thoroughly understood, so far as the spirit of truth opens it to the mind. The simple plan of *question and answer*,—the scholar having previously known and well studied the marginal references and renderings, and seeking to ascertain the spiritual and practical, as well as the literal and primary meaning of the passage,—will, I think, be the most direct way of arriving at the mind of the spirit in the Word. The teacher will, of course, taking this as the basis, frame his plan

according to the capacities and attainments of his class. Scripture geography, Eastern allusions, &c., may, even in the least informed class, be occasionally introduced, as serving to shed light on many facts of the sacred page.

Should the practice be adopted, which in many cases prevails, of proposing questions to the teacher, through the medium of anonymously-written papers, great care should be taken that those questions, if they refer to the meaning of any portion of the Word, or any doctrine of the Bible, should not be idle, curious, or speculative, such as the concentrated wisdom of man could not answer, because the divine wisdom of God has not revealed ; or if the questions have a bearing upon individual Christian experience, or cases of conscience, the deepest self-examination is needed, to ascertain if the state of mind unfolded, or the difficulty proposed, is *really* and *truly* felt by the individual proposing it. Every statement should be a true expression of the feelings of the heart—nothing varnished, exaggerated, or overdrawn ; and every inquiry and research should proceed from a sincere and ardent thirst for truth. Nothing should be more deprecated and discouraged than insincerity in the composition of religious letters. With some light in *the understanding*, and a clear observance of the

various traits of religious character, it were an easy task to dictate a letter on Christian experience, which shall greatly mislead others, and awfully deceive one's self. The pen, like the tongue, can move smoothly and rapidly. Feelings are often expressed, and sentiments are uttered, and thoughts are penned, to the real experience of which the individual is an utter stranger. They have been read in books, or heard in sermons, or gathered in conversation, but are not the out-flowings of the water of life deep welled in his own soul. Ah! we may well talk of Christ, and reason profoundly of truth, and discourse fluently of experience, and bend the knee in actual confession and supplication, and remain all the while a stranger to a broken heart for sin, and to the joy and the peace of its forgiveness. Oh, be watchful here! Lay by that letter which you may have written, and read it on the morrow. Read it as upon your knees, and with your eye fixed on God's eye. Does that inquiry which it propounds spring from a sincere desire to learn? Is that sin which it confesses really deplored? Is that sorrow which it expresses deeply felt? Is that joy of which it speaks honestly experienced? Is that Jesus of whom it discourses truly admired, loved, *and obeyed*? Can you, as did Hezekiah, spread

your letter before the Lord, with the solemn conviction, "Thou, God, seest me?" Oh that in all things we may be constrained to walk uprightly and honestly with God, freely expressing to Him all that we feel, and truly feeling all that we express,—Israelites indeed, in whom there is no guile. But let it be your encouragement to remember that God knows His own work in your heart. And not only does He know, but He acknowledges it; and not only does He acknowledge, but He delights in it. Thy faith may be feeble, thy strength small, thy grace but little, thy knowledge limited, thy experience defective; yet if, by the Eternal Spirit, thou hast been led out of thyself, to take refuge in Christ, thou art one over whom God rejoices with joy; yea, rejoices over thee with singing. Beauteous to His eye, and dear to His heart, is that work of holiness in thy soul. What is it but the product of His own power, the germ of His own grace, the fruit of His own Spirit, the outline of His own image? Will He, then, despise, overlook, or turn His back upon it? Never! *never!* Hast thou been made willing in the day of His power? Hast thou, through grace, given to Him the dew of thy youth? Is the morning of thy life consecrated to His service? Hast thou laid upon His *altar the youngest, the richest, and the best*

of the sacrifice? Oh, honoured servant thou! Oh, rich, costly, and acceptable offering! Thy God delights in it; yea, delights in thee!

It may be that I am addressing one, who, from a natural diffidence and nervousness of character, finds it a difficult and painful, if not impossible task, to throw open to the human eye the secrets of the human heart on the great subject of the soul's salvation. Perhaps it would seem to such a one a matter too deep, too solemn, and too personal for a stranger to intermeddle,—for a creature to sympathise with. But amiable as such a feeling may be, there is danger of carrying it to excess. “I will speak,” says David, “that I may be refreshed.” Unburthening the full and oppressed heart to one who can sympathise with its emotions, unveiling the mind to one who can understand its exercises, is often productive of the happiest results. Heart brought into contact with heart, mind with mind, spirit with spirit, has, through the anointing of the Holy Ghost, frequently been the means of scattering the darkest clouds from the mind, and chasing the deepest sorrow from the heart. A word dropped from one who knows our case, oh, how good is it! If your mind, then, is at all roused to anxiety about your salvation,—if the subject of your conversion *presses upon your conscience*,—if you feel sin a

burthen, and have any longings of soul for Christ,—if you are accustomed to retire to weep and to mourn in secret, then seek the help of some spiritual Christian, who may be able to counsel, guide, and comfort you.

Above all, forget not what an open door Jesus is. Here you have at all times free access. No questions asked,—no price demanded,—no denial given. Oh, then, unveil your heart to Jesus. Its deepest guilt confess to Him,—its keenest sorrow take to Him,—its greatest need make known to Him. He knows it all, yet would have you tell Him all. His blood is efficacious enough for all. His grace is sufficient for all—His love deep enough for all. Lose not a moment in going to Christ. Press to Him through all difficulties; you can touch Him, and He can heal you in the crowd. You shall not be unseen nor unnoticed. He has a blessing for you. Rise, He calleth thee! He calls thee to confide to Him the secrets of your burthened heart, and He will unfold to you the secrets of His forgiving love.

One feature, in particular, in the piety of these young believers, must have deeply impressed the mind of the attentive reader, viz., the frequency, speciality, and tenderness with which they were wont to bear their beloved teacher in their hearts *before the Lord*. How worthy of your example,

my young reader, is this ! Are you a member of a Bible class ? Go thou and do likewise ! Remember that all the light and blessing which flow to you through the instructions of your teacher, come first from Him, who is the Fountain of light and blessing—in whose light we see light, and with whose blessing we are blessed indeed. Great are the responsibilities, duties, trials, discouragements, and the self-denial of your teacher. He is, perhaps, with you week after week, in “weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.” He is oppressed by the conviction of his personal unfitness for his work,—his unworthiness, ignorance, and unfaithfulness. He is borne down by the weight of his responsibility, or he is discouraged by the smallness of the number, or the irregularity of attendance, or the want of deep, fixed interest in his instructions, or the little practical result of all his toil ; or else, overcome by his sense of the value, and faint with his wrestlings for the conversion of souls, as he passes to his class, he mournfully exclaims, with the prophet, “ Ah ! Lord God ! behold, I cannot speak ; for I am a child : ” or with the apostle, “ Who is sufficient for these things ? ” Be much, then, in prayer for your instructor. Pray for him individually, pray for him collectively. Hold up his hands by *fervent, unceasing, believing prayer. Endeavour to*

realise his responsibilities, to identify yourself with his duties, to sympathise with his feelings, and seek to make his work pleasant to himself, and profitable to you, by regular attendance upon, and a serious, devout attention to, his instructions. Who can estimate the immense blessing that may flow from God into his soul, and through him into yours, by the closet devotions of a single member of the class !

Above all blessings, seek in the study of the Bible large degrees of the grace, influence, and teaching of the Holy Spirit. Apart from this, the Word of God, with all the human subsidiary aid you can bring to its investigation, will remain but as a sealed book—an unrolled scroll. Remember, there is a gracious influence and operation of the Holy Spirit *separate from*, though in harmony with, the written Word. Without that influence, you cannot understand the Bible, nor will its revelations come to you with a quickening, saving power. “The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive.” Dishonour and grieve not the Spirit by supposing that He brings to bear upon the mind no *other* influence than that which the mere letter of the written Word contains. There are those who hold this doctrine, to the leanness of their souls, and to the denial of the Spirit. If *this doctrine* were true, how came it to pass that

our Lord, the great Prophet of His people, promised that on His departure to glory, He would send the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, who should guide us into all truth? If the written Word were enough, why promise such a guide? why send the Holy Spirit? why enjoin upon us to ask His bestowment, and to seek His teaching? Oh, it is alone the Spirit that quickeneth! It is the Spirit alone that unseals the Word! It is the Spirit that takes of the things of Christ, and shews them unto us! The Word is the "sword of the Spirit;" *He* it is who makes the sword effectual. Without the wielding of His arm, polished as is its blade, and sharp its edge, and fine its point, and beautiful its ornament, it yet is but a passive and a powerless weapon,—it pierces not, it wounds not, it slays not. There is no "dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow," nor is there any "discernment of the thoughts and intents of the heart." You have, perhaps, hitherto been baffled and confounded in your attempts to understand the Scriptures. Observing this, Satan has secretly insinuated doubts of the divine inspiration of some parts of the sacred Word. He has suggested that so much that was seemingly contradictory and profoundly mysterious, and hard to be understood, could not have originated with Him whose

wisdom would constrain Him to give a true, and whose benevolence would prompt Him to give a clear, revelation of Himself, His mind and will, to man. But pause and reflect upon the precipice on which you stand! Ponder the steps by which you have been conducted to its fearful brink! Have you not come to the study of God's Word as to a mere human production? Instead of humbly bringing the Word to the teaching of the Spirit, have you not proudly brought it to your reason? Have you not attempted to fathom the fathomless, to measure the illimitable, to know what God has not made known, to comprehend what He has not revealed, even hidden purposes and mysterious modes, which must ever remain concealed in His own infinite mind, forgetting that "secret things belong to God?" Trace, then, your embarrassment and difficulty in understanding the sacred Word to its real cause, and see if it may not be found to exist in a secret pride of intellect, and in a consequent restraining of prayer for the direct teaching of the Holy Ghost. Oh, let our fervent petition from this moment be, "Teach me, O Lord! Thou who alone teacheth to profit! Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law! Waiting upon Thee, Eternal, Creating

Spirit, would I daily be found seeking a child, as an humble learner, that 'anoint teacheth of all things.'"

"Come, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

"To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths Thy Word reveals:
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
The book unfold, and loose the seals.

"Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love;
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

"While through this wilderness I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad
To shew the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God."

Doubtless the question of the eunuch expressed the embarrassment you have as a learner of the sacred Word—"How can I understand, except some man should guide me, that That Teacher is God's own Spirit. The darkness which He cannot scatter, no light which He cannot remove, no portion of which He cannot explain. All that is revealed in the Word to your salvation is revealed in the Word that can now be known of Jesus is *covered*; and all this that blessed Spirit

prepared to make known to you. He it is who leads you to Jesus ; Jesus lifts the veil and reveals the Father ; and the Father, when revealed, appears full of love, mercy, and forgiveness to the poor returning prodigal, who in penitence and lowliness seeks an asylum in His heart. And oh, how ready is the Spirit to instruct you ! Such love and grace has He in His heart, the Heavenly Dove seems ever poised upon the wing, ready to fly to that soul who but sighs for His inward teaching. Does He see one oppressed with a sense of guilt ? He hastens to apply the atoning blood of Jesus. Does He mark one weary with its fruitless toil ? He seals the promise of the Saviour on the heart—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Does He descry one combating with temptation, tormented with fear, harassed with doubts, struggling with infirmity, halting through weakness ? Oh, how ready is He to shew that soul where its great strength, and comfort, and grace lie, even in the fulness of a most loving, precious, and all-sufficient Saviour ! Oh, then, in the name of Jesus, seek this glorious gift of God. Seek Him as a *life-giving Spirit*, (John vi. 63 ;) as *making Jesus known to you*, (John xv. 26, xvi. 14 ;) as *leading you into the deep things of Gods Word*, (1 Cor. ii. 10 ;) as *comforting you in every sorrow*,

(John xv. 26 ;) *as deeply sanctifying you*, (Rom. viii. 13 ;) *as imparting to you the love, confidence, and consolation of an adopted child*, (Rom. viii. 15 ; 2 Tim. i. 7 ;) *as breathing into your soul true prayer*, (Zech. xii. 10 ; Rom. viii. 26, 27 ;) *as evidencing to you your sonship*, (Rom. viii. 16 ;) *as giving you access through Jesus to the Father*, (Eph. ii. 18 ;) *as dwelling in you*, (John xiv. 17 ; 1 Cor. iii. 16 ;) *as strengthening the divine life in your soul*, (Eph. iii. 16 ;) *as giving you a oneness with all saints*, (Eph. iv. 3, 4 ;) *as being to you the earnest and the seal of eternal glory*, (Eph. i. 14, iv. 30.) For your encouragement in seeking this great and indispensable blessing, I would remind you of the words of our Lord himself, which at once define the precious gift, while they insure its free bestowment—"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him !" Ask, and ye shall receive the teaching and anointing of the Holy Ghost. Without Him, all is the darkness and the stillness of death. Possessing Him, your path to glory will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

It is not improbable that this little Memoir may find its way into the chamber of solitude and affliction, and be the occasional companion of some

young believer confined to the bed of sickness. From its narrative, you will learn the all-sufficiency of Jesus for the wearisome days of sickness, and for the solemn hour of death. Read again the record of His tender, gracious dealings with these now glorified young believers. See how He made all their bed in their sickness, so that they lay softly and composedly as on a bed of down. See how His left hand was under their head, and how His right hand embraced them !* See how He deigned to visit their lowly dwellings, cheering their hearts with His love, strengthening their faith, animating their hope, and sustaining them, as He gradually, but so gently, led them down to the shore, and then on through the swellings of the river. Mark, too, the love and faithfulness of the Spirit—how He stood watching over, with sleepless eye, the work of grace which He had begun in their souls, and was now perfecting for its state of glory. Observe how He supplied the soul with the hidden manna—feeding, nourishing, and sustaining it with promise after promise, just as the mind fluctuated and the feelings changed. See how He met every difficulty, solved every doubt, quelled every fear, soothed every sorrow by His unfoldings of Jesus to the soul. In every new phase that appeared in their experience—in every

* Song of Solomon ii. 6.

new doubt that arose, and in every new fear that alarmed, observe He fixed their eye on Christ, and in a moment all was peace. And so, my young reader, will be your experience. Doubt not, faint not, fear not; that same heavenly Father—that same all-sufficient Redeemer—that same blessed Comforter will be with you on your bed of languishing, and “even unto death.” The great truth with which you now have alone to do is—the complete salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ. As a sinner, this is just the doctrine that you need. You cannot trust in it too implicitly, nor lean on it too confidently. You are a poor sinner, Jesus is a rich Saviour; and an empty sinner and a full Saviour go hand in hand. If you need Christ, be assured that Christ needs you.

Let me present my affectionate sympathy with your present state of loneliness, privation, and suffering. Wearisome days and sleepless nights are appointed unto you. When it is day, you long for night; and when night cometh, you are as one that watcheth for the morning. In all this, Satan, ever ready to harass where he cannot possess the soul, may suggest hard thoughts of the dealings of God with you. Oh, cherish them, no, not for a moment! The God who is now dealing with you is *love*—all love. If so He saw fit, there should *be no cold sweat upon your brow—no hectic flush*

upon your cheek ; no pain or restlessness in your frame ; no day without ease ; no night without sleep. But since He has so ordered it, let your dear heart bow to His will, and exclaim, " Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Has the idea ever suggested itself to your mind, that perhaps the most effectual and pleasant relief for wakeful hours of restlessness, is to endeavour to fix the mind upon God, making Him alone the subject of its musings and contemplations ? The remedy has been tried with the happiest results. The mind fixed upon an object with which the senses have no communion—every image being excluded—its excitement ceases, and sweet sleep will follow when perhaps all other remedies have failed. The following case, presented in the words of another, will best illustrate and confirm the idea :—


" A friend once told me, that, amongst other symptoms of high nervous excitement, he had been painfully harassed for the want of sleep. To such a degree had this proceeded, that if, in the course of the day any occasion led him to his bed-chamber, the sight of his bed made him shudder at the idea of the restless and wretched hours he had to pass upon it. In this case, it was recommended to him to endeavour, when he lay down at night, to fix his thoughts on something at the

same time vast and simple—such as the expanse of the ocean, or the cloudless heaven—that the little hurried and disturbed thought that flitted before his mind might be hushed away, or hushed to rest by the calming of one absorbing thought. Though not a religious man at the time, this advice suited his mind, that if an object at once vast and simple was to be selected, no one could serve the purpose so well as that of God. He resolved to pass the trial, and think of Him. The result was his most sanguine hopes: in thinking of God he fell asleep. Night after night he resorted to the same expedient. The process became so much so, that he used to long for the hour of retiring, that he might ‘fall asleep,’ as he termed it, ‘in God.’ What began as a physical operation, grew, by imperceptible degrees, into a gracious influence. The same process was his repose by night, was in all his waking by day. And at the time this person perceived, God, as revealed in the gospel of Christ, was ‘all his salvation, and all his deliverance,’ and all his various are the means, and inscrutable ways, by which God can ‘fetch home his wanderers.’”

And, oh, how blessed is the object of contemplation thus presented to your wakeful

A God in Christ,—your covenant God,—your reconciled Father. All His thoughts towards you, peace; all His feelings, love; and all His dealings, mercy. Soon will you be in His heavenly presence, and behold His unveiled glory as it beams forth from the eternal throne. Soon will you be with Jesus, shall see Him, be like Him, and dwell with Him for ever. Darkness, and conflict, and sickness, and death, shall cease, because sin shall cease. Then, in your blessed experience, will be realised the beatific vision,—“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.” Let this prospect reconcile you patiently to wait all the days of your appointed time, until your change come. God is faithful. Christ, in whom you believe, is able to keep that which you have committed unto Him against that glorious day. He will perfect that which concerneth you. Nothing shall be consumed in your present fiery trial, but the tin and dross. The precious and imperishable gold shall be “found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.” Not more safe were Noah and his family, when they sailed in the ark through the storm, than is *that soul who is shut up in Christ.* If you have come

out of yourself, have left all, and have fled to Jesus, this is your encouragement. Not a soul ever perished whom the Father gave in covenant to His Son; whom the Son redeemed; whom the Spirit has regenerated, and in whom He dwells. A threefold cord keeps that precious saint,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: “Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.” Oh, precious declaration! Press it with a stronger faith to your heart; for if God be for you, who can be against you? Ah! in your present state of weakness, you find it difficult to think or to pray. Still, He who formed you, knoweth your frame; “He remembereth that we are dust.” There is One who thinks and prays for you. It is Jesus, your Elder Brother; the “brother born for adversity;” the great High Priest wearing your nature, who has passed within the veil, “*now* to appear in the presence of God for us.” Jesus intercedes for you moment by moment. Your faith shall not fail; your grace shall not decline; your hope shall not make ashamed; for He who came down to earth, and was wounded for your transgression, and was bruised for your iniquities, rose again from the dead, and ascended on high, now to appear in the presence of God for you. *Christ prays for you, and that when by reason of confusion of*



mind and weakness of body you cannot pray for yourself. Be not cast down, because of your inability to read the Word, or even to hear it read; to converse yourself, or to listen to the conversation of others. Your present incapacity and apparent want of interest is physical, and the effect of disease. The Lord knows it. He *remembers* that you are dust. Then be not grieved; He who said to His disciples, when they were faint and exhausted, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while," cherishes in His tender, loving heart, thoughts and feelings of compassion towards you. He knows your weariness, and your faintness; your confusion of thought, and your present restlessness of body, and requires not from you more than His own power and grace will enable you to give. Precious Jesus! Thou art that gentle Shepherd, who over-driveth not Thy little ones. When they cannot run, Thou dost permit them to walk; and when, through feebleness, they cannot walk, Thou dost carry them. Thou art He of whom it was said, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." "Lord, regard *me*, one of the smallest, weakest of Thy flock. Gently lead me, or tenderly carry me; yea, in Thy *very bosom* carry me. Nowhere am I so safe.

Nowhere so happy, as *there*. Thy bosom pierced for my sins ; yea, by my sins : and there alone can I repose. Thy grief is my joy ; Thy sorrow is my gladness ; Thy wounds are my healing : and that bosom of Thine was smitten with the sword, racked and rent asunder by the terrible pest, that it might be to me a fountain of healing, a pillow of rest ; a covert from the storm." With these feelings, how expressive of your views on the sentiments of a sweet poet of Scotland :—

" I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

" I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

" I lay my wants on Jesus—
All fulness dwells in Him,
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

" I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,—
He all my sorrows shares.

" I rest my soul on Jesus,—
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

" I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is pour'd.

" I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

" I long to be with Jesus,
Amidst the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, His praises,
And learn the angels' song."

Personal effort for the salvation of others—the duty and the privilege of young believers,—is impressively illustrated and strongly enforced by the preceding narratives. This is one of the most beautiful traits, and one of the clearest evidences of youthful piety. The moment God converts an individual, He converts him for the good of others. He *blesses* him that he may be a *blessing*. From that moment he is no longer to live to himself. The grace that he has received, places him under the most solemn obligation to live and labour for the souls of individuals. His light is to be reflected ; his salt is to be scattered ; his gifts, his graces, his time, his influence, all, *all* are to be pressed into Christ-like service of personal effort for the conversion of souls. He is to seek to multiply himself. He is to labour to fill the world with more *Christians*—to beautify it with a greater number of living

Brainerd Taylor, (his
 helper) think, speak, and act as
 for as such I must live, as such I
 before God, and be damned or saved
 ever. I have been waiting for o
 act as if I were the only one to ac
 longer." * Oh, high and holy, and
 resolve ! And so he did live, an
 And though his career was a sh
 brilliant one,—brilliant with indi
 the salvation of souls ; the God of
 the power, and to whom the glory
 his labours with cheering success.
dual, Jesus lived and laboured, '
 about doing good." As an *indiv*
 and laboured, and could testify in
 dress at Ephesus, "Remember, t
 I ceased not to

blessing would roll back. Great prosperity of soul in the individual members, and a large increase of the Church as a body, would surely follow. As an *individual*, then, consecrate yourself to the service of the Lord. The Sabbath-school, the Bible class, the Bible and the tract distribution, open to you appropriate and delightful spheres of labour. Why, then, loiter in the vineyard? Be up and doing. "Occupy till I come," is your Lord's command. Let your inquiry be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and then follow the leadings of His providence; and whether it be to labour at home or abroad—whether to occupy an humble or a more prominent post of labour, bow in cheerful submission to the Lord's disposal of you, exclaiming in the language and in the spirit of the poet—

"May Thy will, not mine be done;
May Thy will and mine be one."

I cannot permit myself to conclude these pages without once more proposing the question to the young reader, and pressing it home with an earnestness and a solemnity befitting its unspeakable importance, *Are you truly converted?* I ask not, Are you a communicant of the Church? This you may be—alas! numbers are!—and yet, bear with me while I say it, for I speak in love to

partaking . . .
communion," yet are total stranger
version. Mistake not the nature
and necessary change. Neither ba
mation, nor the Lord's Supper,
authenticate it. Born in sin, you g
in trespasses and in sins." Born u
of a broken law, you are exposed t
ous penalty ; and all the works of
which you have done or may do c
that curse from off your soul, or sc
its awful consequences. Living and
a change of heart—a renewed mi
divine nature—love to God—pard
and acceptance in the righteousn
hell must be your inevitable door
declarations of God's Word, which
the necessity of the *new* :

which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness," (Eph. iv. 24.) "Partakers of the divine nature," (2 Peter i. 4.) "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins," (Eph. ii. 1.) *All true saints of God are the subjects of this new birth*: "As many as received Him, to them gave He power (*marg.* privilege) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name; which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," (John i. 12, 13.) "New-born babes," (1 Peter ii. 2.) "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God," (1 John v. 1.) *The Holy Ghost is the Author of the new birth*: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," (John iii. 6.) "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," (Tit. iii. 5.) *Apart from the new birth, there is no salvation*: "Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," (John iii. 3.) *Holiness of life is the grand evidence of the new birth*: "If ye know that He is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him," (1 John ii. 29.) Reader, here let me pause and ask yet once more

the momentous question, Are you born? Are you *born again*? Marvel not that I ask this question with increased earnestness and anxiety. Everything valuable and dear to you in this present aspect of eternity is connected with your being born. Heaven is a holy place, and "without holiness no man can see the Lord." Have you seriously contemplated the *probability* and the *possibility* of your being for ever excluded from heaven? If you are excluded you *must* be, without the experience of a new birth. And, banished thence, where will you spend your eternity, think you? Where will you go to hell! Oh, dreadful thought! Appalling prospect! You must lie down, wrapped in the torments of quenchless flame, the undying worm gnawing upon you for ever! Do I seem to speak too strongly? I seek so to do. I wish to arouse you, to warn you. I would fain, if you have laid down this book, you should have a sleepless pillow, your night spent in searchings of heart, solemn reflection, anxiety, and fervent prayer, on the grand subject of your soul's eternal salvation. Give no sleep to your eye, or slumber to your eyelids, until you are saved as a lost sinner to the cross of Jesus. Let the words ring in your ears until success attend the sweet sounds of Mercy, pronouncing your *sins forgiven*. — YOU MUST BE BORN

Defer the consideration of this subject you may : you will, perhaps, return to the world, throw off all solemn thought, and quench every spark of holy feeling ; but

“ This fearful truth will still remain,—
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe ! ”

The weeping eye of an anxious inquirer for salvation may drop its tear upon this page. Ah ! is it so ? Then I change my theme. Rich is the provision which God has made for poor broken-hearted, humble, penitent sinners :—“ God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” “ God so loved the world.” Oh, *what* love was that ! This is the love to which, as a trembling sinner, I invite you. And what has this vast and astounding love provided ? A “ Saviour, and a great one.” Jesus is that Saviour. Has the Spirit convinced you of sin ? Do you feel guilt a burden, and does the law’s curse lie heavy upon you ? Then He is *your* Saviour. Believe in Him, embrace and welcome Him. See how He points to His atoning blood, and bids you bathe in it ! See how He shews you His wounded side, and invites you to take refuge in it ! Hear Him say, “ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and

I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "If any one thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Oh, come to Jesus! this moment come! A full Christ, a willing and an able Christ, a precious Christ, a tender, compassionate, loving Christ is He. He was never known to reject a single soul who besought His healing touch. There is a fulness of pardon, a fulness of righteousness, a fulness of grace, a fulness of love, in Jesus: enough for you, enough for me, enough for every poor, penniless comer. Your vileness, your unworthiness, your poverty, your age, are no hindrances to your coming to Jesus. Rather they are arguments, all in favour of your coming. Every view you take of your emptiness, every sin that presses upon your conscience, speaks loudly, "Go to Jesus." Where can you take your guilt, your burthen, your sorrow, but to Him? Go, then, nothing doubting of a welcome. "*Only* believe," and you are saved. Free—free as God's grace can make it—is the blessing of salvation. Your own righteousness will avail you nothing in the procurement of Divine forgiveness. Coming building on any work of your own, you will be as surely rejected as he who comes building on Christ's work alone will be surely received. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that

■ justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." "By grace ye are saved, through faith." "Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace." "Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." Oh, glad announcement, then, to a poor, bankrupt sinner! Without works! without merit! without money! without worthiness! Of faith! By grace! The Spirit of Comfort speaking these words to your broken heart, you may exclaim in an ecstasy of new-born joy, "Then I am saved! I am saved! God is mine, Christ is mine, salvation is mine, heaven is mine! My fetters are broken, my chains are burst, my burthen is gone, and I am swimming in a sea of love!" Such, my reader, is the Lord Jesus. Oh for a thousand tongues, to tell of His dying love to poor sinners, —the readiness and the gentleness with which He heals a broken heart, binds up a wounded spirit, soothes a disconsolate mind, and gives the "oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!"

Are you a young believer? Then *live* as such. Remember the holy profession you have made, the solemn vow you have taken to be the Lord's. Walk worthy of your high vocation. Be circumspect, be watchful, be prayerful. "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Come out of the world.

and be separate ; form no alliance in any shape or connexion with it. Let your *friendships* be holy, your *companions* those who fear the Lord. Especially guard your affections. Let no natural loveliness of person or of character be in your eye more lovely and attractive than grace. Remember the Word of God is against *unhallowed unions* ; that a believer in Jesus may “marry *only* in the Lord.” Seeing how many young Christians have slighted this solemn precept, and have in consequence brought upon themselves a Father’s chastening rod, I am constrained to lift up my voice in earnest and affectionate warning. Great may be the temptation, and feeble your power of resistance ; but the grace that is in Christ Jesus is all-sufficient. “My grace is sufficient for *thee*.”

Perhaps you are a young believer, deeply, painfully tried and afflicted. The Lord often puts His children early in the furnace. How soon was Jesus himself made to taste the cup of suffering ! When yet an infant, His life was sought. How soon after his conversion was Paul made to know what great things he was to suffer for Christ’s sake ! Well, if the Lord is now trying you, He is but preparing you for greater usefulness on earth, and for an earlier transmission to heaven. *The shorter the work, the sooner the rest.* Those *who are called by grace* early in life are often

taken early to glory. Their voyage is soon made ; their journey is soon finished ; their race is soon run. Heaven is very near a young believer. His bark sails along its verdant shore. The port soon appears. He enters ; and he is for ever with the Lord. His sun goes down while it is yet day ; but it rises again in cloudless splendour, to set no more for ever. Oh, how rich and resplendent is heaven at this moment with innumerable happy and glorified spirits of those who were *early* brought to Christ, *early* fought the fight, and *early* went to receive the prize !

As a young believer, your path may often be a difficult and an intricate one. Questions may sometimes arise which produce the most painful hesitation and embarrassment. But permit me to direct your attention to a portion of God's Word, which, to him whose pen traces these lines, has been through life more precious and more valuable than all the wealth of the Indies. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding ; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Oh, cheering words, to one trembling to follow his own will, and yet embarrassed to know the will of God ! Act faith upon it, and light from heaven will shed its beams upon your soul, and its lustre upon your way. God will direct th

paths. Are you an *orphan*? He will take you by the hand, and be to you a Father. Have you no *mother*, to the shelter and soothing of whose love you may flee? Hear him say, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Oh, what can you want that you have not in God. Let your walk be very close and humble with Him. Cultivate daily communion. Set a high value upon *closet prayer*. No other prayer can supply its place. It is there alone the soul can conduct its secret transactions with God. Remember, if you are His adopted child, your Father delights in your person, loves your voice, and makes all your interests His own. You have not a sorrow that He will not soothe, nor a step that He will not guide, nor an infirmity that He will not subdue, nor a temptation that He will not break, nor a void that He will not fill, nor a want that He will not supply. Lift up, then, your heart with your voice, and exclaim, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

Farewell, my beloved young reader! We have spent some hallowed moments together here: may *it* be our privilege, through sovereign grace, to *spend a happy eternity* together in heaven! There *may we meet the two lovely* "Gathered Flowers"

whose beauty we have been admiring, whose fragrance we have been inhaling; and with them may we be presented by Jesus to the Father, a part of the "glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," but all washed in His blood, and all clothed in His righteousness. As we commenced this little work in the spirit of prayer, let us close it in the spirit of praise; and what words more appropriate than—

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

- " My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit; the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.
- " It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- " The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,—
I would not lie down upon roses below.
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.
- " Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy,
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,
Like the dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem,
- " Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose;
They only make heaven more sweet at the close.
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for them all.

"A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I'll march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smoothe it with hope and cheer it with song."

THE END.



